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"IS THIS THE WAY YOU DECEIVE MY DAUGHTER?"

THE INTERRUPTION WHICH ENDED A YOUNG HUSBY'S FLIRTATION AND GAVE HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW AN EXCUSE FOR BREAKING LOOSE.—NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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OUR TURF DEPARTMENT.

We shall, in No. 242 of the POLICE GAZETTE, add a special department of Turf News to the attractions of our journal, giving each week portraits of famous jockeys and patrons of the turf, with occasional pictures of celebrated horses. Sporting men, look out for it!

THOSE Yankee horses are at it again across the water, scooping in the stakes.

MR. BARNUM was very provoked on finding that Jumbo is a strictly moral elephant.

IN No. 212 of the POLICE GAZETTE we shall begin the publication of portraits of famous turfmen and jockeys of America.

INSTEAD of the Church reforming the Stage it is now the Stage that is reforming the Church. Old Satan has the bulge at last.

SHIPHERD seems to think that when you cultivate a politician's acquaintance you should throw guano or some other manure over him.

ANOTHER shipload of Jews is on the way hither. What are we going to do with them? There are not enough pawnbrokers' licenses and theatres to go around.

CHICAGO has been exercised by a rumor of Jack Haverly's death, telegraphed from New York. It was his dramatic death—he's only dead on the stage, boys, that's all.

THE POLICE GAZETTE trotter bids fair to be a worthy representative of the paper. We are now and always have been "fast" and nothing short of a fast-horse is worthy of our name.

A CYCLONE has been striking Pennsylvania and doing terrible damage. And the greatest wonder of all is that the big blow occurred when all the politicians were away in Washington.

BLANCHE DOUGLASS is a sly one. She has mashed her jaller and the court and shaken the Malley boys. She goes to church now and says she isn't going to do it any more. Oh, my!

ISN'T it too bad that dreadful POLICE GAZETTE continues to grow brighter and brighter? Surely it's not only the prayers of the wicked that do not avail. The too too good have their petitionary failures too.

A CYCLONE has swept over a Missouri town and killed seven persons. That cyclone might have done better by passing over New York and sweeping off some of the truly good who are ripe enough to die.

MULDOON, the wrestler, attacked from behind a couple of weeks ago by false reports, comes bravely to time this week and downs the liars who have slandered him. Read his letter in our sporting columns.

NEW YORK is going to bristle with lords and dukes and the English actresses who are their mistresses this summer. They all expect to hunt buffalo in Broadway and see Indian wigwams in Central Park.

CINCINNATI has got the boss white elephant on hand this time. It is organizing a Shakespeare festival and intends to present Hamlet with Booth, McCullough, Jefferson, and Barrett in the cast. What a fine bear garden that will be. It will be Hamlet with every part but Hamlet left out.

FRANK JAMES is said to be organizing a band of avengers to go on a hunt for the Ford brothers and to slaughter all the officers who had a hand in the killing of Jesse. So, after all, life is not to be dull in the west and the dime novel romancer need not throw away his pen yet a while nor the small boy cease saving up his pennies for the purchase of revolvers and the general outfit of a border hero.

THE May music festival is intended to see the Cincinnati affair and go one better. Look out it isn't going from bad to worse, as is very probable, as that prosy old dreamer, Theodore Thomas, is shaking his stick over it.

A BAPTIST parson in North Scituate, Mass., baptised the wife of a leading citizen by immersion. And now the leading citizen is hunting the parson with a pistol, saying he doesn't want any man wrestling in a tank with his wife.

THE execution of Sindram was a sickening sight. There must have been stupidity and heartlessness on the part of those having the details on hand. Was it to punish him for refusing to join the band of Bible-believing murderers?

SULLIVAN cries in vain for new worlds to conquer, for now England sizes up the Bostonian and with vivid memories of Bunker Hill arising concludes that her champions are too small to tackle him. So John must stand alone for a while longer.

A SAVANT pretends to have discovered that when oysters are greenish they have diseased livers and are the best to the taste. Let the cannibal learn that and he will dose his missionary with communion wine till he gets Bright's disease before he cooks him.

A MAN in Somerville, Mass., killed his mother-in-law on the 20th ult. He beat her face in with a brick because she let his breakfast get cold. This is a turn of the table indeed. The mother-in-law seems to be losing her grip, as a household authority at least.

If some of the Coney Island roughs and bullies who delight in practicing pugilism with peaceable citizens during the summer could only be persuaded to put on the gloves with Sullivan! But they will not, you bet; they are not that kind of fighting men.

JEWELLED garters, some of them costing as much as \$1,200, are to be all the rage among our young women. Well, there will be some attraction on the promenade when these adornments are displayed. But how are the girls going to do it? That's what puzzles us.

MISSIONARY HINMAN, who sued his bishop in New York for spreading the report that he had had amorous dealings with the Indian maids of the Santee agency, has got an award of \$10,000 damages. Now is the dusky maiden's turn to sue and bust the bishop in artistic style.

SPRING has affected the brethren and sisters of Ohio like the birds. Such a nest hiding as is going on in the churches will leave a doubt as to the paternity of the entire generation of the state. The soil was never more fertile out there and we may look for a good divorce crop in the fall.

THE bum aristocracy of Washington are anxious to marry off President Arthur so they can have a society racket. "Chet" doesn't see it in the light of the slithering old crows and adventuresses who make up the society of the capital. A burnt child dreads the fire. Chet's a widower.

BARNUM invited the press to a private entertainment on Sunday, the 16th ult., to prove that he imported the elephant for breeding purposes. But Jumbo wasn't that kind of an elephant. He gave the old humbug a lesson in modesty that is foreign to him. But, by the way, has Mr. Comstock licensed this private department of the moral show?

THE polite burglar has come in vogue. You awake to find yourself tied. He sits beside your bed and furnishes you with cigars and chats with you while his comrades are in the bank, boring and blowing up the safe. This happened on the 19th ult. in the village of Somers, N. Y., but the thieves were foiled by meeting an inner safe with a time lock.

THE cackling old hens of Washington are worrying themselves persistently about furnishing a wife for President Arthur. He hasn't had a word to say as yet and it would be interesting to know how the old hens aforesaid discovered he was in a condition of voracious amorousness. They're a beastly set, these aristocrats of the crooked contract and the star route.

JUDGING by the auroral fireworks up north for several nights old Boreas must have been having a grand jubilee in the Arctic regions over the burning of the Rodgers and the loss of the Jeannette. Wait till we get those balloons up there and we'll go sailing into your icy windows of your north pole bed-room yet, some fine morning, old chap, see if we don't.

CAN there be anything more damnable than the hypocrisy of the Brooklyn citizens who cling to Beecher's skirts—a congregation who have joined his church to make money, doctors to get practice, lawyers to get cases, clerks to get places, rich-roues to get sly inamoratas of

the better physical quality. Brooklyn is morally and religiously rotten and Beecher's church is one of its running sores.

Now President Arthur is going to take a whack at the cowboys in Arizona. He is arming himself with all sorts of terrible legal enactments, the very names of which are enough to unhorse the most daring desperado. Mr. Arthur is on his high horse and is going to charge you, followed by a troop of lawyers, and if there is anything the lawyers do know it is how to charge. Look out for 'em, boys.

DARWIN, the biologist, is dead, but the talking monkeys whom the biologist exposed still live and chatter in droves. He did a good work when he took down the human angels by proving that they were only monkeys spoiled by having had their tails cut off. He did more to explode theological superstition and fraud than any man in the history of the world and the parsons hate him in the ratio of his talent and his truthfulness.

THE doctors made a big rake out of the death of Garfield. Nearly a hundred thousand dollars has been divided up between four of them for giving a wrong diagnosis of the case and advertising themselves in daily bulletins. When we think of these things we are not astonished that people admire and lionize road agents and highwaymen. At least the latter earn what they get by the risks they incur and the plans they devise.

WE point to our issue of this date with pride. It fills the bill pretty completely and as usual sets our envious would-be rivals nearly mad with jealousy. Not content, though, with only our perfected sensational, sporting, prize ring, dramatic and general news departments, we are going to add a department of the turf and show the old fogey concerns how to be newsy and the same time be breezy, brimful of spice and sparkle in our usual style.

MRS. JAMES, Jesse's mother, thinks some one should start a fund for her, since she was the cause of the being of such a hero. Verily this is the age of mendicancy. The actor who falls in his art, the soldier who violates his duty, and even the bandit who takes your purse and cuts your throat expects the world to give his surviving relatives a fortune. If Mrs. James had strangled Jesse when an infant she might have deserved a big fund, but as it is we don't see where our indebtedness to her comes in.

Two Brooklyn schoolmarms had an awkward couple of rounds before their pupils the other day. This is all wrong. If the young are to be educated in the art of slogging let a regular professorship be started and a competent party appointed to instruct the children. If the noble art of self-defence is to be illustrated let it be done by weekly or daily scraps between accomplished pugs. These young ladies have not had practice enough to teach and their attempt to do so will only spoil the pugilistic style of the rising generation.

THE rumor has got abroad that Mr. Beecher is going to confess before he retires from the pulpit. It is for selfish reasons, however, to save himself and to grease himself with the oil of conscientious sanctity, so that he may slip through the fingers of St. Peter and through the golden gate. This is late atonement after he and his henchmen have been trampling down the truth for years and driving out every one who dared to express an opinion on the crooked parson's guilt. This latter day repentance may ease Mr. Beecher's conscience and make a sort of angel of him, but it will not undo the great wrong and injustice of his life.

SINDRAM, the sneering Mephistophelean murderer whose cynical sayings have startled the Tombs for a year past and overthrown all the traditions of the terror of death in those gloomy precincts, was swung off on the 21st ult. He did not want to be an angel and refused all attempts to fasten wings on him and clothe him in saintly robes up to the very last moment. He went over the dark border in a firm, argumentative mood and will be just the tough sort of spirit that will argue with old Charon about the tides of the Styx and give him points on his stroke and his methods of oarsmanship as he ferries him across the dark river.

THE Aurora Borealis has either been holding a high old revel lately, demoralizing church folks and treating the late prowlers of our streets to a glorious show of fireworks or else there has been a change of whiskey all around and the new stuff has pyrotechnic qualities. Which is it? We moral, well-behaved persons who retire at respectable hours have no means to decide except on the evidence of the night owls and their evidence depends on their whiskey. The only way to decide, it seems, is to try the new whiskey and note the effect but that is dangerous. Stuff that starts an Aurora Borealis even in the brains of church deacons must be handled carefully.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

A FOUL in the hencoop is worth two in the baseball field.

It isn't the girl that is loaded with powder who goes off the easiest.

It is to the gladiators of old that we owe the origin of Roman punch.

"You can't do that again," as the pig said when the boy cut off his tail.

WRITE plainly on all postal-cards. The time of the postmistress is valuable.

A LADY says a good lawn dress should wash well. What else is a laundress fit for?

SPORTING papers speak of a "light-weight champion." The coal-dealer probably.

"I WISH I was a pudding, mamma." "Why?" "Cause I would have a lot of sugar put into me."

"ANTY, vat makes the little baby cry so? Do it want its mudder?" "Yes, dear, and its fodder, too."

THE cat is the great American prima donna. If bootjacks were bouquets, her nine lives would be strewn with roses.

THE safest way to curry a mule is not to begin the operation until you have etherized him. His natural sleep is treacherous.

THE Philadelphia News says that a New York policeman has been promoted because he caught a miserable cold one day.

THE average age of a hog is only 15 years. This is consoling when we see a man spreading himself out over four seats in a railway car.

It is said a Chinaman will steal a dog quicker than he would a woman, and considering the style of Chinese beauty, you can't blame him.

A CLERGYMAN says: "A young woman died in my neighborhood yesterday while I was preaching the gospel in a beastly state of intoxication."

"A MAN would be a heap better off if he was as perticler 'bout de whiskey he drinks as he is 'bout de water," remarks an observant old darkey.

"I TAKE my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat portion ob de scripture where de Postol Paul pints his pistol to the Fesians."

"I'LL make you dance," cried an irate mother, pursuing her erring son, slipper in hand. "Then," remarked the juvenile, "we shall have a brawl."

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Can hens be made too fat to lay?" That depends upon the lay. If it's to lay inside a lonesome stomach we don't think they can.

THE clergymen at Lampasas supply the prisoners in jail with manuscript sermons to read during their leisure hours. The way of the transgressor is hard, very hard.

THIS is the season when the Florida man, desiring to make a trip north, puts two strawberries in his trunk and on arriving here sells them for enough to pay all expenses.

"OH, yes, there is such a thing as an exhausted receiver, but this phrase does not refer to the receiver of a defunct saving bank or insurance company. You have been misinformed, my child."

"AND now," shouts an excited exchange, "where shall we look for independence?" Oh, friend and brother, searching and long suffering fellow-sufferer, look in the kitchen, look in the kitchen!

MR. BROWN wants to punish the liquor drinker as well as the liquor seller. Fogg says he will go a step beyond Mr. Brown. He wants the liquor itself punished, and he is willing to punish all he can of it.

WHEN a friend asked a reformed inebriate the cause of his reformation he said: "As you are married you will quite understand it when I say getting tipsy made me see my mother-in-law double!"

So sad: A pretty girl in Sweden turned up her nose at her poor but deserving lover, and it froze in that position. Now she doesn't know whether to retire from the world or hire out to stand in somebody's hall as a hat rack.

MR. PRUDHOMME instructs his grandchild: "Grandpa, the sun is brighter in summer than in winter, is it not?" "Yes, and it is warmer and enjoys better health." "Why does it enjoy better health?" "Because it gets up earlier."

HER veto: They were seated on the sofa where they had been for four long hours. "Augustus, do you know why you remind me of the Chinese?" "No, dearest, why?" "Because you won't go." The meeting then adjourned sine die.

SULLIVAN, the Boston gladiator, has become so tony now that he won't even take his gloves off to fight a man. He thinks it's rather discouraging to a sensitive person to get a dainty hand all stained with gore, and John is about right.

A YOUNG lady at a temperance meeting said: "Brethren and sisters, cider, is a necessity to me, and I must have it. If it is decided that we are not to drink cider, I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me, for I can't live without the juice of apples."

A NEGRO was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbors' fruit, and being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming: "Good heavens, dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray without bein' disturbed."

Good luck with all the anglers go
And may they know
The keenest joys of the pursuit,
And gain, to boot;
And when, with baskets full, they come,
Recruited home,
May they omit, to our surprise,
The usual lies.

A PARISIAN, after arraying himself elaborately with gaiters, game-bag and gun, accompanied by his faithful dog, went forth to hunt, but shot nothing. Deeming it unsatisfactory to return empty handed to the house, he stopped at the market and bought a hare, which he presented to his wife. "Ah," said his wife, "so you killed it? You did right. It was high time. He was beginning to decay."

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Failures, Frauds and Scandals of a Week.

Some Low Tricks of Dramatic High Art that Should Command the Attention of the Police.

ANNA DICKINSON's leading man has resigned. What a pity Anna cannot profit by so excellent an example.

MAKE hay while the sun shines, Vernona; don't you be a green grass widow like the rest of them. Make a harvest.

OUR PRIZE CONUNDRUM.—If Harry Mann is ashamed of his name why does he associate with his brothers who are not?

THERE is an incredible report drifting about that Lawrence Barrett is going to put in the summer with the study of common civility.

THE old gag again. Barnum is going to build a museum in New York and is looking for a site. But he doesn't intend to build, by a sight.

THE prospective long run of "The Mascot," at Tony Pastor's, is explained by the fact that it is under the management of Harry Sanderson.

THE latest dodge. Manager Wilbur sues Louise Searle for breach of contract. Well! if that isn't a neat way of excusing a walk home.

PEARL EYTINGE is going into the business of manufacturing stage managers this summer, and sausages have already experienced a rise of ten per cent.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Before she became a star at Daly's her name was Blanche Von Dorn. For her more remote antecedents apply to the detectives of the twenty-ninth precinct.

JOHN POOLE has lost flesh since he commenced to make money at the Grand Opera House. So much for having to carry full pockets around without sufficient preparatory training.

THE number of fellows who have new plays for sale is astounding. Union Square is going to howl this summer and the public will take up the strain in the fall when the plays are produced.

BAKER and Farren open at the Standard Theatre on June 5th, for a four weeks' season. They have sent Bob Morris "Up Salt Creek" in search of its title, and will appear in a new piece, "Max Muller."

JOE EMMETT's business is commencing to fall off and he is getting ready for another big drunk. Ordinary men make their virtues profitable. It is a lucky thing for Fritz that he can make his vices pay him.

THE dramatic agents are going to make a grand haul in commissions this summer. There never was such a rage for the stage and the young women aspirants never turned up in such numbers and so well fixed.

THERE is nothing like a pretty name to play leading business with. How many of the hearts which palpitate at the charms of a Harry Lee, for instance, would throb at the fascinations of a Pesach Rubinstein or a Solomon Rosenzweig?

Now Melpomene is going to have some physiole. The daughter of Dr. Oldott of Brooklyn is going to play Juliet at Haverly's in that city May 8. The Apothecary's shop will probably be presented with all the realisms of genuine drugs.

SINCE old Sam Colville got rid of his youthful follies and braced his oleaginous heart up to be "true to Poll" he has prospered. Sam's attempt to play the young Lothario was a sad failure and not exactly the ravishing success he anticipated.

Ir Parson Mallory only knew how his actresses can rattle off smutty stories in their dressing-rooms and how they amuse themselves between the matinee and evening performances! But perhaps the old man knows how it is himself.

THAT blazing idiot, Bronson Howard, has toasted off another of his alleged dramas. Adelaide Detchon, late Wallack's "walking lady," is the victim this time. The piece is called "Wives," was tried on a dog in Brooklyn last week and killed the dog.

LESTER WALLACK was carried home in a fainting fit the other day, and for forty-eight hours his life was despaired of. He accidentally discovered that there was an American scrub-woman employed in the house, and the shock proved too much for his iron nerve.

THERE is a star actor, a favorite in New York, who boasts that no actress who ever played a certain legitimate part with him, preserved her virtue. Our opinion is that any actress who would consent to act with him at all, must have been in a sad plight already.

A CUE to the public. When old John Duff, standing at the gate at Daly's Theatre tells you all the best seats in the house are gone and directs you to the ticket speculator, knock his hat off and you'll find in it a dozen or more tickets for the choicest places. He's a fine plum, Duff.

WE have received letters of inquiry as to who drew the \$1,000 prize offered by the Iron Steamboat Company to their passengers to Coney Island last season. Why Emily Rigt, the actress, got it of course. Didn't you understand that racket from the first, you precious greenhorns?

STRAKOSCH has at last got rid of Gerster. She got \$500 each for four performances a week, and he had to pay the board of and transport her husband and the entire family. Now that Max has packed her off to Europe, the rest of his company may get some show for their back salaries.

WE hear nothing more of the rights of the public in regard to the ticket speculators. The managers still masquerade in the front of their own houses, thrusting their hands deep into the pockets of their patrons and escaping the punishment all pickpockets deserve.

MOST of the simpering misses of the stage who have gained any prominence are mothers, and not one in a dozen has a husband of other than brevet rank. If you don't believe it, ask any one of them respectfully about the health of her husband, and remark with what despatch you will be fired out.

ACTRESSSES of any calibre seem to mate like

the birds in the spring, and most of them select queer old ornithological specimens for their nests. Remember one thing in this connection: it is always embarrassing to ask an actor "How is your wife?" or *vice versa*. The mates of last year are, ten to one, likely to be the strangers of this.

YOUNG English, of Indianapolis, is growing weary of opera house management. There isn't variety enough in the artistes. They're all tarred with the same stick by the time they are released from the clutches of that delectable set, the New York managers, and reach Indiana. Strawberries and cream are likely to sour in so long a trip.

A COMIC group by Rogers—Minnie Palmer, very plump and very short, embracing the alleged comedian Graham, very lean, very lank and very tall, while that wee little fellow, John R., presides over all, flourishing Minnie's anti-marriage contract. This group is entitled "The Matrimonial Tantalus; or, Cupid Five Years' Imprisonment."

A CONVENTION of New York managers will be convened this summer for the purpose of establishing a uniform rate for the admission of ladies with crimson records into their companies. It is a prevailing belief among them that by unity the market price of the stage can be forced up so high that the business will pay whether the public buy tickets or not.

WONDER if that crowd of nasty, evil-minded young men who are doing the champagne racket around Union Square daily with free and easy actresses have any suspicion that they are paying dear for soiled and cast off goods? Why, those gay girls prefer the beer of the stage carpenter to the champagne of the bloods. It is the latter who are paying for the loves of the former. True.

SEVERAL managers will pilot their companies over the country next season on the money of bands of British tourists, who wish to see the land in detail over a dramatic route. To make the experience complete, the treasurer should skip with the funds in the middle of the season and leave the tourists to enjoy the dramatic method of counting railroad ties on the walk home.

THE rumor that Blanche Douglass was ever connected with the management of Daly's Theatre is not true. She was in a fair way to become an actress, however, when she got into a scrape and was locked up for playing a little part with poor Jennie Cramer. Blanche is just of the kind, morally, physically and by experience and associations that actresses are made of nowadays.

GREAT is the power of love and beauty. If Jimmy Morrissey hadn't been beautiful he would never have been placed in Jim Fisk's box office. If he hadn't been beloved by the ladies, and wealthy ones, he never would have got out of it. Jimmy of the Kiss has not only held that "the world is mine oyster," but that it is equally profitable when it is another sort of a shell-fish altogether.

THE Amaranth Amateur Society of Brooklyn, it is boasted, is the best training school for actresses. Just so. It has morals quite professional. In its brief term of existence it counts two elopements, five scandals that have been found out and have made a noise and numerous others that have been kept on the quiet up to the present time. Oh, yes, the Amaranth has proved a good school for young women to get broken in as actresses.

ISN'T it about time Judge Hilton gave up that ridiculous idea of reserving a box and parlor for himself at Niblo's? If he were a young and frisky blood who had a penchant for entertaining a bevy of young actresses in the privacy of these luxurious apartments it would be different, but Hilton never was much on dry goods in any form. Either abandon this French cabinet drive or abdicate in favor of some young and reckless masquer—thats't it caper, Judge.

THE Charles T. Dazey who undertook to doctor up *Pellcia* and nearly drove Rose Eytling crazy last October, and who is reputed to have written a piece called "Elsa," for Maggie Mitchell, is the budding genius who made his debut as a playwright on the oft nights of the Count Joannes at the Lyceum Theatre in 1879 with a wild and terrible nightmare entitled "Gold Mad." Mr. Dazey is a class poet of Harvard and a rich man's son, which accounts for the absence of milk in the cocoanut.

A BOSTON actress who is a pronounced case of strabismus, says she became "cock-eyed" one night at a ball while trying to introduce Mrs. Stetson to a friend of hers. She is sure she wasn't intoxicated, but she saw them not only double but quintuple all around her. This is a most remarkable phenomenon, which she says comes on her frequently in her travels. We advise her to see a physician about it, but she says they declare there is no remedy for it. Remarkable, isn't it?

MARGARET MATHERS, the young woman whom Hill, of Chicago, is going to bring out in tragedy in Chicago, in August, is described as "young, plump, winsome and obliging." Obliging—that's what most of the others are—but we hope Margaret is not that sort of a young person. Hill intends to furnish free passage to and from Chicago for the New York critics and managers, for this great occasion. Have the authorities nothing to say about the moral consequences of this importation of queer characters?

THAT wily midget, A. M. Palmer, was complimented on the superb costumes worn by some of his minor actresses, and took it all in with his complacent smirk. "Ah, yes," interjected a cynical newspaper man, "but those poor girls get only \$29 a week. There's the wonder of it. Marvellous, isn't it?" Palmer made haste to explain that he paid for all the costumes of low salaried people. He forgot to state that he takes the sum expended at the rate of five dollars a week. Oh, liberal fellows are these managers.

IT is against the rules to take liquor into New York theatres by the stage doors. But the actresses, most of them, smuggle it in in their satchels and with many it is an indispensable part of their stage make-up. The best young man in the dry goods clerking line who tackles the stage for a living is likely to contract habits of drunkenness by playing the young lover only one season on the New York stage. He finds it no joke, that statement of the subsidized critics, that the beauty of our actresses is intoxicating.

MISS CONNIE GILCHRIST, who, at the age of 12, was sufficiently pleasing to the Duke of Beaufort to be able to establish a brougham at his expense, will again visit New York this summer, upon what spoil she has managed to carry off from the late Lord Lonsdale's estate. Other charming additions to the same refined society are promised for next season from London. Miss Alma Stuart Stanley will no longer have

occasion to complain of the absence of congenial society, which leaves her only Ella Wesner to console the loneliness of her exile.

SOME one congratulated John Stetson on his becoming the lessee of the Fifth Avenue Theatre and remarked, "Well, I hope the season will open with happy auspices, Mr. Stetson." The classical manager's light side fairly glared as his mind reverted to "Michael Strogoff" and he replied, "Horse pieces be d—d. It's them — horse pieces that queered this — house for me. I'm — If I have one in any place of mine again unless the woman's got a — good figure," and he went off to order the doorkeeper never to let that "horse piece snide" in again unless he paid full price.

ABBEY is going to make a failure at the Grand Opera House. He has an idea he can make a go of expensive opera and new prices in that mausoleum. He will go all to pieces. John Poole was the only man who ever handled the place with a profit and he did it on a plan of his own—cheap prices and combinations at second hand. Abbey is a fine one to come in with his dry-goods drummer tactics, to improve on the plans of such an experienced old timer as John. He prospered against all reason once, by a series of lucky accidents, but this time the devil himself and Nilsson combined, cannot save him.

THE boss howler against the ticket-speculating fraud in New York is manager Henderson, of the Standard, and the only manager who hires a man by the week to sell tickets at an advance and thus directly swindles his patrons, is manager Henderson. The most innocent manager in New York on the same subject is Lester Wallack, who blandly tells a reporter that he doesn't know whether there is a speculator attached to his house or not, while the brother of Mr. Wallack's partner has the privilege of skinning the public by appropriating the best seats in advance. If consistency is a jewel there are two managers in New York, at least, who will never have it made into a pin.

THE biggest "skins" in the country seem to build and run opera houses. To enumerate the dodges the managers of these theatres have for robbing traveling companies would require a column or two, and then we couldn't tell all. In the counting up of the tickets alone there is a big racket. The agents of these managers are not above dropping \$50 worth of paste-board into the waste basket, and they frequently manage to turn out the gas accidentally, and while relighting it are sure to spirit away a couple of handfuls of tickets undetected. That's why these fellows can come to New York in the summer and do the grand, while the actors who have done the work are living on free lunches.

THE pestilential example of Clara Morris has infected more than one of the weaker witted young women of the stage. Morphine is now as common a luxury among them as beer used to be. One star of much pretence and considerable popularity not only indulges in the titillating delights of the syringe but branches out into the wider fields of opium smoking and knows the Mott street joints a good deal better than Miss Morris does her parts on a first night. The popularity of an actor in this illustrious artist's company depends upon his ability to grapple the pipe and his willingness to do so in her society. Upon this principle it is said that she intends next season to be supported entirely by Chinamen.

THE only more colossal fraud than Jumbo we know are the people who advertise him. It is a pity, by-the-by, that Anthony Comstock was not around last Sunday week while the pious Mr. Barnum's employees were turning the hippodrome into a show house for a species of performance for which polite English has no name, in the presence of a gaping gang of reporters. There is a limit even to the privileges of a circus man's indecency and it should have been drawn at the bar of justice with the champion humbug of the world to answer for it. Men have gone to state prison for doing less than Mr. Barnum made an advertisement out of when he invited the press to the flea show in which his elephants figured as stars.

HERE'S a scrap from pay day dialogue in Niblo's:

Ballerina.—But I get only \$12 a week and furnish my own tights and slippers and here you've fined me ten dollars for being ten minutes late for two ballets.

Manager.—Very true, my dear. Business is business and discipline is discipline. If it wasn't for dem fines were would my profits be?

Ballerina.—But two dollars; I can't live on that.

Manager.—None of that, my dear. I am no sucker and don't you fail to remember dot. Don't I see you flirting mit de back door? You must got more presents as de manager. I fine you dem oder two tollar for dot. Morality must be preserved or a percentage must be paid. If dis stage is to be used as a show case for goods.

Exit Ballerina, snapping her jeweled fingers to dine with Charley Fresh at Delmonico's and to strike him for another twenty.

HELEN LEWIS, of South Carolina, tried to get on the stage as a star by paying a snide agent named Schwab \$700 for her engagement and was swindled. She didn't understand the racket. She should have gone to Daly and proposed to go on the stage for no salary and furnish her own dresses, of the utmost magnificence, at the same time introducing to the manager a "gentleman friend" who would be willing to put up liberally to help the theatre out of a hole. That's the way all the stars are made. Ask Maude Granger how she captured the first place in the Union Square. Ask Palmer to confess. You'll have to put him on the rack to get him to acknowledge it probably but we have given the truth to guide you as a starter. If you have no rich gentleman friend to start with, Helen, there is no use in trying to be an actress. The rich gentleman friend is the first step to histrionic preferment. They all do it.

WHEN the Troubadours can present such a mass of trash as "Green Room Fun" at a New York theatre and get fulsome puffery for it, who will say that money has no efficacy in art? And, moreover, who will say criticism still exists, or that it is anything but "a demitition, nasty, moist, unpleasant body?" Come boys, honest Injun—how much did you get apiece and who is your treasurer and agent, now that little Freddie Schwab has gone out of the business? And how is the thing worked now? Is it the same old way? "Send the total to me in care of the secretary of the club and I will divide it up among the boys without giving any receipt or giving ourselves away." Is that it? Or what is the new style? We are anxious to know so that the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE may be instructed in the latest ingenious form of "crookedness." Oh, do now make a clean breast of it, or we will find out for ourselves and present the naked truth as it is our province to do,

GENEVIEVE WARDE and a crowd of amateur idiots who think they can act gave a farewell performance of "Forget Me Not" at the Union Square a few days since. Among this mob is John H. Bird, a stone cutter and tombstone dealer, who has been acting (?) off and on for the past twenty years. We remember him two decades since playing Brutus in "Julius Caesar" at Hoynes Theatre in the Bowery for the Murdoch Association to an accompaniment of cat calls and guys. On that occasion some one flung a cat on the stage during Marc Antony's oration and the feline falling on the dead body of Caesar (the ridiculous amateur who played the part being content to swelter under the pall instead of having a dummy in the place) doubled up, came to life and ran off the stage. Bird proved himself a goose then but we thought when all his feathers had been plucked and old age had come on him he would develop into something better. It seems not, however.

MISS ADELAIDE DETCHON, late Wallack's walking lady, has walked over to Brooklyn and begun work as a star. Her first artistic step seems to have been to establish a literary and journalistic department for her company. The mashed ones are corralled in this bureau and made to do service. Last week there were four poets inspired by the fire of Adelaide's liquid eyes and they brought in a literary rash through the press. The worst sucker of all, though, was the word alinger who paid \$150 to have a column of hog-wash and puff written by himself about Miss Detchon published in the N. Y. Graphic. The rivalry between these infatuated gushers cannot result in convincing the public that Miss Detchon is an actress but is pretty sure to end in a free fight in her literary department. We await the beginning of hostilities with great interest and the facilities of our sporting department are offered to aid the rival writers to settle their little difficulties in the regular and decorous manner of the ring.

Mr. Wallack and other New York managers find it impossible to get along with sensational melodrama without importing Mr. 'Arris "hall the way from Lannon town" to superintend the rehearsals. If rumor is correct he does not take kindly to such of our actors and actresses who prove to be naives nor they to him. They do say that the side incidents at the rehearsals are as good as a play. And then the dialogue! What do you think of this from the manager:

"Stop, stop! ladies hand gentlemen, vot the bloody ell hare you a doing hof? Vy, this here's worse than a bleedin', blasted gaff, don't you know?"

Then all the ladies and gentlemen pause aghast to explain with much humility "vot the bloody ell they hare a doing hof" and the manager proceeds:

"Bust me, hif there's a vovman hon the stage that knows 'ow to make love has they do it hin Lannon. Now Miss, you come up to the bloke so hand you swing'er harround there. Now, then, ye've got yer tableer. 'Ow heavy ven yer knows 'ow. Vot a bleedin' shame to 'ave to teach people to hact like they do hin refined 'Hinglish society. Blast me!"

A young American actress subjected to this sort of refined London stage direction is said to have lost her temper and to have made a remark that cost her a \$20 fine out of her week's salary.

"What an awful fellow that London stage manager is, my dear, he changes his stage business every day," remarked to her a weary and much abused *ingenue*.

"Yes, indeed," replied the young leading juvenile on the spur of the moment, "but if he changed his linen halves frequently he might do cleaner and neater work."

When she went for her salary the next Monday she found in the envelope a scrap of paper informing her that \$20 had been the penalty at which her witty retort had been appraised.

CLARA MORRIS is going through her hospital scenes again at the Union Square. A physician is employed to stand in the wings and prompt her in the medical business of the scene and the proper use of the pharmaceutical properties down in the property man's list. The play on the first night ran something like this:

Enter Miss Morris with a vial of nervice concealed in her hand.

Miss Morris.—This is Clara Morris playing a buxom English woman with a western drawl. [Aside] Oh, my poor head.

Medical Prompter.—[In a stage whisper] Fill in the music to L. U. E. and take a powder.

Clara.—[Going up stage and taking powder on the sly.] Gracious, how nasty! The audience will take my wry face for a spasm of jealousy. Ah, here comes De Belleville. I've got to make love to him. How sad.

Medical Prompter.—Take the stage and take a pill. [Miss Morris takes the stage and takes several pills.

Enter De Belleville.]

De Belleville.—I'm a rough Englishman with a Franco-Anglian accent. That's an anomaly but I've got another and a worse one for you. I love Clara Morris under the delusion that she's hearty, healthy, buxom and English. Do you blame me for loving a young girl and seducing her? Don't you think you would do worse if you were married to a perambulating drug store and were compelled to live in a patent medicine atmosphere? And don't you think if I were to engage counsel I could escape the consequences by pleading irresponsibility from inhalation of fumes from many prescriptions? Don't you think any jury would bring in a verdict of justifiable infidelity?

Medical Prompter.—Get over the R. C., take two teaspoonfuls at each step, sniff your salts and take a hypodermic injection in the arm with a pin unseen by the audience. Mask your medical practice with your art so that the public may think it emotion.

Miss Morris [Choking down a final pill].—Ha, you are there! Behold! This is the corpse of your victim, the young woman you seduced.

De Belleville.—True; it was emotional insanity. I love her dead better than I love you living. She never took medicine in her life. She was not an invalid.

Miss Morris.—Ha, sad the day I took you! You are too bitter a pill to swallow.

De Belleville.—When taken I was well shaken—taken all aback—in fact, all broke up.

Miss Morris.—Well, then, you awful dose, you are shaken now; I take you no more. Go!

De Belleville goes, Miss Morris falls on and breaks her bottle of nervice and faints in the tableau as the curtain descends. The medical man and his assistants rush on, drench her with restoratives, work a stomach pump, ply her with potions, and brace her up to answer a call very pale, very interesting and very sad. A delicate aroma of drugs gradually pervades the auditorium between the acts.

And this is the emotional drama at the Union Square. Go, witness and smell the harrowing scenes.



DANGERS OF THE AMAZON.

THE MONSTER SNAKE OF THE MIGHTY STREAM HAULS IN TWO SOUTH AMERICAN TOURISTS.



CAUGHT IN A TREE.

A FARM HAND AT SAGINAW, MICH., IMPRISONED AND SADLY INJURED BY THE SPLITTING OF A TREE LIMB.

An Infernal Machine.

A young woman named Eliza Church, residing with her parents near Selma, Ala., has made a name the country round as a heart-breaker and flirt. All the eligible young men have felt her power and have successively got the mitten, and all the young women were furiously jealous of her. A trip to Washington last winter made fresh conquests for her. Among these the principal was that of a dashing young millionaire, lately married. His young wife was made frantic by the goings on of Miss Church, who seemed to enjoy the storm she had raised, and exacted a promise from the infatuated young husband that he would call on her at her parents' residence in the south when he passed through on his projected southern tour for alleged business purposes. He fulfilled his promise and remained the guest of the Church family for a fortnight. The last day of his stay there came to the house an express package in the form of a wrapped and sealed box addressed to Miss Eliza. Anticipating a surprise in the shape of bonbons and jewelry the frisky coquette hastened to open it in the presence of her lover. When she had torn the paper wrapper off she found underneath a tin box. A label on the top directed her to "Press here."



AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

THE INGENIOUS METHOD BY WHICH A JEALOUS WOMAN, OF SELMA, ALA., DESTROYED HER RIVAL'S BEAUTY.

She pressed the box at the point indicated when there immediately were projected numerous streams of a burning liquid direct for her face and head. The top of the box was perforated and it was so arranged that any pressure on it would project through the openings a quantity of vitriol with which the box was charged. The poor girl was scarred, but not so badly that her beauty is spoiled. It is thought the box was sent by the wife of the victim of her last flirtation. The coquette got a terrible scare, but whether it will cure her of her disposition to flirt is doubtful.

Jesse James' Murderers.

Charles and Robert Ford were arraigned on the 17th ult., in St. Joseph, Mo., for the murder of the bandit, tried and found guilty. Judge Sherman then sentenced them to be hanged on May 19. The next day Governor Crittenden sent on their pardon according to promise and they were released, but Robert was immediately rearrested on a charge of complicity in the murder of Wood Hite. The Governor will stand by him in this case, too, so he has no fear of the hangman. His terror is aroused by the citizen friends of the dead robber, and he insists on being well guarded by armed officers.



MRS. J. R. VINCENT.

[Photo. by Warren, Boston.]



WILLIAM WARREN.

[Photo. by Warren, Boston.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

A Fiendish Father.

A man named H. K. Ross, living near Toronto, Canada, has fled to the United States to avoid the resentment of his neighbors and the possible attentions of the authorities, but he should not find refuge from punishment anywhere on this continent. He has a son Harry, aged 13 years, a bright boy, and said by all the neighbors to be naturally intelligent and winning in his ways. This boy, the father alleged, was given to habits that were injurious to him, and after devising many cruel means of punishment, devised the following to "cure him" as he said: the fiendish father on the night of the 8th ult., dragged the child from his bed, took him to the barn and there nailed his hands above his head to the wall. The shrieks of the boy brought a roystering party on their way home from a tavern to the scene, and they drew the nails and released the poor little unfortunate. Then they looked about for the father with the intention to give him a dose of the same punishment he had inflicted, just to see how he would like it; but he had gone and it is not likely he will return. The child will recover, but will not be trusted to the care of such a father hereafter.

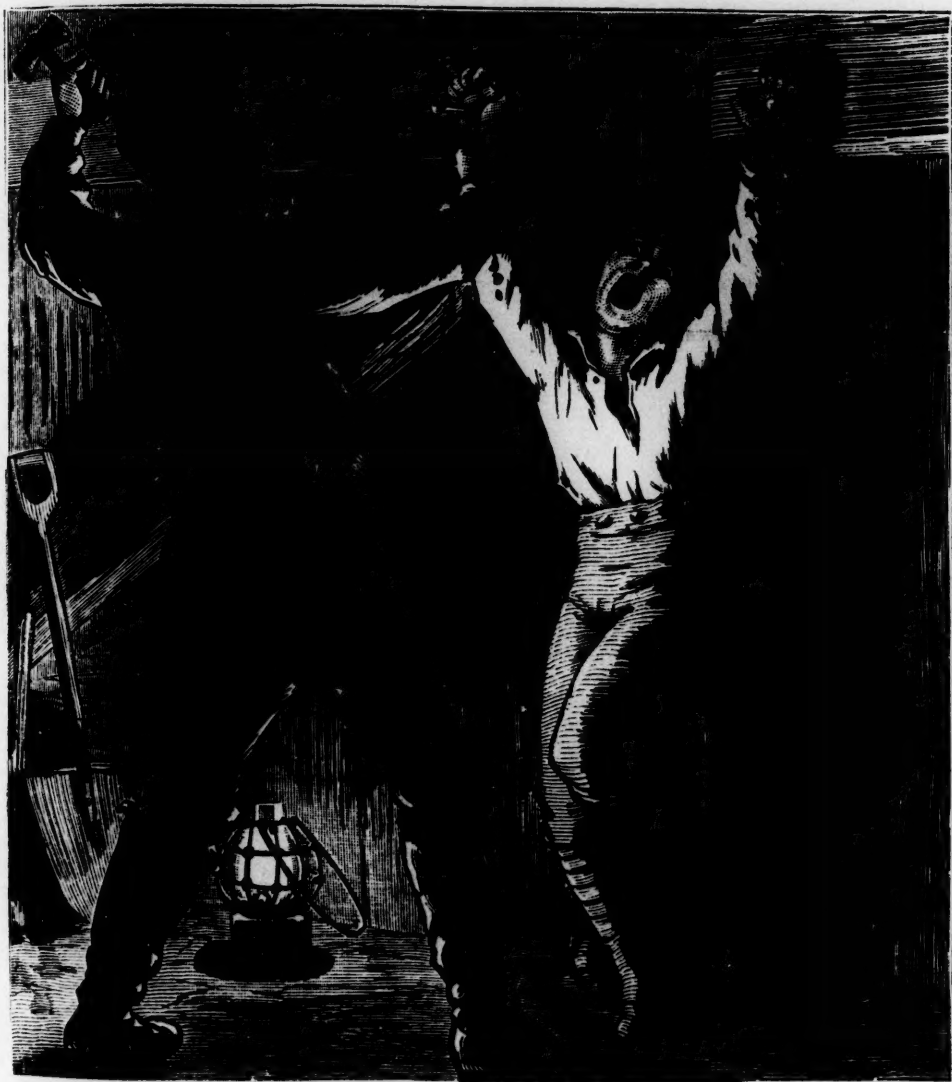
Given Away by Jumbo.

The big elephant Jumbo, the attraction of the circus

**A QUEER FISH HOOKED.**

A PEEPING YOUNG BLOOD CAUGHT AND LED BY THE NOSE BY A YOUNG WOMAN WHILE FISHING IN A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

pointed ahead. Parting the dry branches, he looked and saw a beautiful girl wading into the brook with her skirts neatly tucked up, revealing a pair of white and finely moulded limbs. The young men crawled up while she was baiting her fishing-hook and preparing for a cast, and got an advantageous position to take in the beautiful scene. She swung the line back and made a graceful sweep with the pole preparatory to a cast and then pulled with all her might in the attempt to fling the bob far out ahead; but there was such resistance that the pole was bent nearly double and a yell that froze her blood resounded on the still air. Turning about she examined her unexpected catch. It was the prying Mr. Pattee. The hook had gone through his nose and he was dancing with rage, pain and mortification. The whole party had to walk two miles to find a surgeon who could extract the hook, the girl holding the pole and threatening to shoot either of the men who should attempt to cut her favorite fishing line, or destroy her lucky hook. The hook was gotten out by a neat surgical operation, and the girl went back to her fishing. Pattee did not follow, however. He says he has lost interest in the beauty of the female form lately. A fine leg now reminds him only of the agony of being gotten on a string and led by the

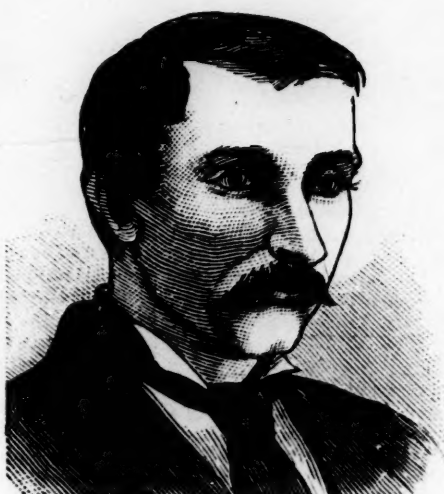
**A FIENDISH FATHER**

AN UNNATURAL PARENT NAILS HIS SON TO THE WALL IN PUNISHMENT FOR SELF-ABUSE; TORONTO, CANADA.

**JUMBO'S CURIOSITY.**

A NEW YORK YOUNG MAN GIVEN AWAY BY THE MONSTER WHO SEARCHES HIS POCKETS IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS WIFE.

season in New York, is popular among the "lardy dah" class of society because he is English and is regarded as the "highly eminent superlatively popular thing, don't you know," being used to the finest society of England and therefore something to be looked up to in many senses. Jumbo got one of these fellows in a fearful scrape the other night. The monster foreigner was born hungry, you know, and in the odd moments when he is not tucking in bales of hay and tons of potatoes, is looking about for desert. A young husband with a very jealous wife happened to be standing near the great foreigner one night last week when he was in one of those foraging moods, and Jumbo with the dexterity of a London pick-pocket, began to go through

**WILLIAM D. SINDRAM,**

MURDERER; HANGED IN THE TOMES, NEW YORK, APRIL 21ST.

the visitor's pockets. From one he hauled out a bracelet and a lady's handkerchief which he threw away with disgust, but from the other he dragged out a bundle of letters and the photograph of an actress in a more or less charming state of nudity. There was a tussle for a moment, the wife got the letters in her hands and a scene ensued. One man, at least, in New York, is the mortal foe of Jumbo and damns him with heartfelt earnestness.

A Queer Fish Hooked.

Mr. Benjamin Pattee was prowling through the woods on a hunting excursion on the 7th ult., with a friend. They came to the bank of a little stream which feeds the mill-power canal. Pattee held his friend back suddenly and

**ANTONIO CORTEZ,**

ADROIT SWINDLER OF NEW YORK MERCHANTS, ARRESTED APRIL 16TH.

nose by a pretty girl of sporting propensities and a firm will.

Antonio Cortez.

Twenty first-class New York dry goods firms have been taken in to the amount of \$3,000 during the past three months, by selling goods to a man who went under various names, and whose system of operations was to pay in worthless checks for large sums, receiving the change in cash. He was captured at a low lodging house in the Bowery on the 16th ult., and proved to be Antonio Cortez, alias Manuel Montana, and ever so many other foreign high-sounding names, a Spaniard, 50 years old, who was in prison in 1859 for forgery, in 1866 for hotel robbery, and in 1873 for passing a bogus check on Steinway, the piano man.

CROOKED LIFE IN NEW YORK.

The Mysteries of Metropolitan Crime and Criminals Unveiled.

By the Author of "The Man-traps of New York," "Euro Exposed," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE "CROOKS" OF NEW YORK.

When accident made me the author of the "Man-traps of New York," I had, as I explained in that work, as little idea of becoming an author as I now have of turning preacher. But chance made me one, and as the publisher of that work assures me, a successful one, too.

It is in consequence of my success that I am again prompted to draw on my experience for the benefit of the public.

For twenty years I have been battling in the cause of honest men with the army of criminals who lay in wait at every turn for prey. I have had dealings with these wolves of society throughout the land, but it is in New York that my chief work against them has been performed. If I chose to turn my adventures into story form they would make a volume of many more pages than I ever hope to see in print under my name. But I desire to be of more use to mankind than I could be as a story writer. I intend in this work to show up the dealings and devices of the "crooked" classes of New York as, in the "Man-traps," I warned the reader against the "skins" who are to be dreaded by the stranger.

The people who live by crime are to be the subject of the following pages. From the burglar down to the sneak thief; from the highwayman to the wretched pilferer who robs a passing school child of the pennies it is going to buy candy with, and who steals the morning papers from the doorstep. I intend to show them up, describe their dark ways and mysterious devices and shed some light on lives which are only romantic to the public because their details are unknown.

I am well aware of the fact that I am not the first to write upon this subject, but I am well aware of another fact which encourages me to add my contribution to the rest.

That is, that it has never been honestly written about before.

Those who have dealt with it have done so more in the spirit of romance than fact, and so woven the real and the fictitious together that their works lack all the value such works should possess. I deal with facts alone. I tell, not the sensational exploits of the people I write about, but the cold, hard, undeniable details of their dark doings, and I do not flatter myself in the least when I say here that the man who reads my revelations carefully will know in theory as much about the "crooks" of Gotham as they know themselves.

As, in the "Man-traps of New York," I pointed out how the stranger could protect himself against the pitfalls of the metropolis by knowing what they are and how they are made profitable, so in this series of articles I will provide my readers with a safeguard against a far more dangerous class of criminals by showing them how these criminals operate.

That there would be less crime if people knew better how to guard against it no one can deny. I do not expect to make every man his own detective. But I do hope that by making many things clear which are not known at present, I will enable all men who care to, to defend their own better, and to more easily explain their losses whenever they are unfortunate enough to sustain them.

And in doing this, the object of my labor will be attained, too. I desire no better reward than the knowledge that my experience in the devious and mournful ways of crime will have produced other fruit besides the mere discomfiture of the knaves I have had to deal with.

I might go on hunting thieves down forever, but if any help of mine could bring that end about I am unselfish enough to wish that I could so arm people against them that there would no longer be any thieves to hunt down.

It will be noticed that I write of crime and criminals in New York, but the remarks apply equally to the "crooked" people throughout the land. New York is the metropolis of the crime as well as of the commerce, art and literature of the western continent, and wherever the criminals of America operate, the point from which they go forth to work and to which they return to enjoy their spoil is always the same.

It is in Gotham that the "fence," who furnishes capital for and purchases the proceeds of all the great robberies are located. It is in Gotham that the leaders in the army of crime spend their leisure in seclusion, and I may as well add that it is in New York that the bulk of these nefarious heroes are finally run down and brought to their deserts.

Consequently, when I write of the "crooks" of New York I write of those of all America, and though my remarks are metropolitan in their point, their application is appropriate in every hole and corner of the land to which the hand of lawlessness penetrates; which application, therefore, I can remark to the reader in the words of Jack Bunsby, it remains for them "to make the application on."

CHAPTER II.

BANK BURGLARS.

The burglar is in the van of the army of crime. He is the monarch of the "crooks." In his life and line are epitomized all that is daring, shrewd and desperate in the work of a professional criminal.

Burglars are divided by themselves into three great classes.

The first of these is the "high tobyman," otherwise known in the slang language of the profession as the "fitter." It is to this exalted rank that the bank burglar belongs.

The bank burglar operates upon the coolest and most systematic of plans. There are men in this line who never put hand to a robbery themselves. They merely locate by inquiry the place which is worth robbing, find out all about the habits of those employed in it, and otherwise possess themselves of as much information about it as its own connections enjoy. So perfect are they in their system of investigation that they will even ascertain on what days the heaviest

sums are held in deposit. These men, upon the result of their explorations, map out the plan upon which the robbers for whom they do the brain work are to operate.

Having completed the plan, the work is handed over to the workmen. They in turn make an investigation, so as to secure a clear idea of what the plan of campaign means. When all is ready, the job is done, without undue hurry, but also with as little delay as possible.

The stories of our great bank burglaries shows how it is done. Sometimes doors are broken open, sometimes false keys are brought into requisition; sometimes even walls are broken through and cellars undermined to reach the coveted spoil. The latter, when it can be carried out and the plunder is worth it, is a favorite method of work with the bank burglars by reason of its safety. I remember a case I once had a hand in ferreting out in which a gang of "high tobymen" hired a house next door to a bank, fitted it up as a billiard room, and while the players knocked the balls about over head kept a little steam engine at work in the cellar, boring through the concrete foundation wall of the bank with diamond drills. They had laid out more than \$5,000 on the job when the noise the engine made attracted the attention of one of the customers and led to an inquiry which resulted in the explosion of the plot.

Where it is possible to use false keys they are used. The bank burglars' maxim is never to use violence where it can be avoided. Having located a place, a "high tobyman" will sometimes spend days getting wax impressions of the locks in order to have false keys made from them.

It came out in evidence at a trial in Boston that Bristol Bill, accompanied by an assistant, shadowed a jeweler's store for seventeen consecutive nights before he could obtain the impressions of the locks. Max Shimburn has been known to go boldly into a bank and take impressions. Five weeks before the famous Lord bond robbery Shimburn had the impressions of every lock, from the outside office door to the smallest closet in the place, and when the robbery was actually committed, and the burglars found out the extent of their plunder, it nearly scared them to death.

Jack Wade, in his raid on the Dorchester and Milton Bank, had every lock impressed three months before the job came off; and Dutton, the blacksmith, as fast as he finished a key, would, with old Jack, go to the bank and see how they would fit. I have been told by Jack that they went to the bank on fitting excursions no less than seventeen times.

Sometimes a confederate is found in one of the employees of the bank, but very rarely. The bank robber keeps himself to himself as a rule. He knows it to be the part of wisdom.

Where it is necessary to break in it is done as expeditiously and calmly as any legitimate business. The minutes are timed beforehand when the police are least likely to be on hand to interfere. Lookouts are posted, and under rapid and ready hands wielding tools of incredible power the strongest doors yield in a moment. In another the street is deserted, save from a lookout hidden in some door or cellar-way ready to give a signal of alarm. The door is secured on the inside so that if a passing policeman tries it he will find all secure, and the work goes on within.

Thus, at the Manhattan Bank robbery, a building at the corner of two of the principal streets of New York, was plundered without a sign or sound of the work reaching the ears of anyone less than twenty feet away on the sidewalk.

Still more wonderful was the robbery of a great jewelry store in Philadelphia some years back. There the store was surrounded on two sides by glass windows. There were no curtains to them. Nearly every corner of the store was visible through them, for the gas was left brightly burning all night. Yet the burglars broke through the tiled floor from the cellar, to which they had gained access from the next house, flew the safes they knew to contain the most valuable property open, and got off undetected with their spoil.

The skilled robber always knows the lay of the land before he invades it. Thus, if it is a bank he is operating on he knows the sort of safe used and the safes in which the most valuable property is kept. The same rule applies to other places which are plundered. Consequently, once he gets in a house he goes straight to the spot without hesitation or delay. As a rule, in great burglaries, it takes less time to get at the plunder than it does to get at the place where it is kept.

Sangfroid is an absolute necessity to the boss burglar. Nerve saves him from many a peril. I was once employed on a bank robbery case out west. The burglary had occurred on a bitter winter night in a building at a corner where the beats of two policemen met. One of the policemen, passing the bank, saw a man inside. The man was in his shirt-sleeves smoking a pipe. He called the officer in to warm up at the red-hot stove, and gave him a nip from a private bottle. By-and-bye along came the other policeman, and he was invited in, too. The watchman, as they supposed him to be, entertained the officers in this way several times during the night.

Next morning it was discovered that the bank had been completely cleaned out. The supposed watchman had been the look-out for the robbers, and while the guardians of the law were hobnobbing with him his "pals" were coolly perfecting their work in the vaults under their feet.

An almost precisely similar case was that of a bank in Rhode Island some years ago. It, also, was on a bitter cold night, and a night patrolman noticed a dim light in the bank window, and going up to the door rapped.

"Is that you, patrolman?" asked a voice within.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Step in and get a heat," said the voice from within. The patrolman stepped inside and encountered a dapper little fellow wearing a green shade over his eyes and a pen behind his ear.

"You're working late to-night?" said the patrolman.

"Yes," said the dapper little fellow. "I've been detained to-night straightening up accounts."

The patrolman warmed himself at the roaring big fire that blazed on the hearth and went out again on his beat.

An hour after the patrolman came that way, and still seeing the light through the window rapped again.

"Is that you?"

"Yes."

"Come in and warm yourself."

The patrolman accepted the invitation.

"It's howling cold to-night," said the man with a green shade over his eyes.

"You bet," said the patrolman. So he took another heat and returned to his beat.

He was rather surprised next day to learn that this fireside friend of the night before had got away with some ninety thousand dollars of the bank's funds.

The robbery of the Kensington Bank in Philadelphia belongs at the very head of the artistic crimes of the world. This bank was guarded by a faithful watchman. I may as well observe here that many bank watchmen are anything but corruptible, but this one did not belong to that category. He was on duty one night when a policeman summoned him to open the door. He complied. The policeman explained that they had received warning at headquarters that the bank would be robbed that night, and he and a squad of men had been sent to protect it. Of course he was admitted, along with several other uniformed men. The door was closed so as to avoid arousing any suspicion in the minds of the thieves when they came along that they were anticipated. Then the watchman was required to point out the most valuable safes so that they could be specially well defended. When he had done this he was seized, gagged and bound, and the policemen proceeded to plunder the bank themselves.

They were neither more nor less than the robbers themselves, who had thus disguised themselves to carry out a scheme which was successful in every detail.

Thus far my reader has been made acquainted with the salient qualifications of the most dangerous class of "crooks" in the country. It has been my intention to show that the bank robber must have intelligence, inventiveness, cool courage and indomitable energy. Any man can wield a jimmy. Few, however, can get along without it as well as these monarchs in the realm of crime. And between the brute who simply breaks in and steals and the artist who plots a robbery and carries it out as a general carries out a campaign, there is as wide a difference as there is between the soldier who simply kills and is killed and the commander who directs that killing to a purpose.

I must add that the operations of bank robbers are confined to the very highest and most lucrative class of crime. They never touch small game. Banks and banker's offices, and great jewelry stores are their sole prey. They steal only what can be carried away with ease, and they frequently leave more behind than they depart with. That is to say, having secured a spoil which they can carry in their arms they leave in its place a wagon load of tools worth thousands of dollars, as mementoes of their visit, rather than encumber themselves with a burden which may prove fatal to their escape.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAID AND MISSIONARY.

How Souls are Saved at the Western Agencies by the Hard-Working Holy Men.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The missionary is abroad and is being judged by his works. The Indian maidens of the far west are the most impressive subjects for the religious workers of the agencies. According to late developments the progress of the maids aforesaid in the arts of civilization, with all that the name implies, is wondrous. The unfolding of the untutored savage mind of the delights of oculation and the ecstasy of filiation has had a most civilizing and religious effect on the devoted denizens of the wigwags. The big chiefs do not take kindly to these missionary methods however and seem inclined to get on their high horse, to put on the barbaric war paint and begin the savage war dance when they witness the methods of evangelization pursued by the holy men who are sacrificing themselves to transform rough Indian belles into *ecru* hand-painted angels of the orthodox class so common in our church choirs.

The noble red man does not seem quite equal to the occasion when these holy processes burst on him all at once. He may think it proper and religious that the converted squaw shall sew the patches on the missionary's worn-out trousers—that may be some form of holy mummery known to the civilized but unknown to the wild child of nature. But when the holy man takes to lip service, when he finds that every hymn aims at a *her*, that the road to the Christian heaven is paved with kisses and the missionary is the pavior, then it is that your savage plunges backward into the gloom of his savagery, rakes up his buried tomahawk, sets up anew his Manitto and resumes the practice of the religion of his fathers, which needed neither missionaries nor kisses nor the patching of trousers to ensure a free passage to the happy hunting grounds.

SCRAPS OF ROMANCE.

Eccentricities of the Lovelorn and the Victims of Super-heated Emotions.

MARGARET J. MUNROE, a young Irish girl aged 18, was forced by her mother in Ireland to marry a young man named Patrick O'Donnell. She had written in the meantime to her sister in America and received the money for her passage. She started with her little bundle but was overtaken by her mother and husband who took away her money, clothes and her passage ticket. She succeeded however in escaping again and reached America, going into service as a housemaid in Brooklyn. She was followed by her husband and mother who persecuted and drove her from situation to situation. Once her mother decoyed her to her apartments and locked her in a room with O'Donnell who attempted an assault on her, but the plucky girl broke away from him and jumped through the window, carrying sash, glass and all with her. On the 15th ult. the girl appealed to the authorities for protection and brought suit in a Brooklyn court to annul the odious marriage.

WINFIELD ZIMMERMAN, of Decatur, Ind., wanted to clope with a Mrs. Cox who was willing to leave her husband and go with him. But Winfield hadn't money enough to get out of town and the elopement seemed likely to fall through when Lotario bethought him of his rich old bachelor uncle Eli. Uncle Eli heard the story in high glee and offered to aid the lovers with abundant funds if they would agree to let him go along with them. They agreed, he put up the money and the whole party skipped. When Uncle Eli returned to town last week he found that Mr. Cox, the abandoned husband, had begun a suit against him for \$50,000.

TRAPPED IN A TREE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the 16th ult. a workman sitting in the crotch of a tree at Saginaw, Mich., was gaily singing while he sawed off a limb. Suddenly he came to the end of his work and the limb fell. At the same moment the crotch of the tree split far down and he fell into the opening, which immediately closed on him with a terrible grip, breaking several ribs and holding him in intense agony as if in a vise. It took an hour of chopping and prying by his comrades to release him.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

THE bodies of six dead negro children in a horrible state of decomposition were found on the 14th ult. in a shed on the premises of Charles A. White, an undertaker, who says he does not know how they got there.

D. J. PRICE, of Bay View, Wis., who was formerly postmaster of that town and a member of the legislature of 1881, went on a week's drunk and did not return home until the 15th ult. That night he attempted to kill his wife and committed suicide.

R. W. STUBBS, mayor of Polk City, Iowa, was awakened at midnight on the 15th ult. by his wife who told him there were burglars in the house. In an instant a dark lantern was flashed in his face and a gruff voice enjoined him "You lay still or you'll get shot." Mr. Stubbs sprang up, replying, "You get out of my house." One of the burglars (there were two) fired, the bullet piercing the mayor's heart. He fratched the head of the stairs in pursuit of them but there fell dead and his corpse rolled from the top to the bottom. The murderers escaped unrecognized.

As Mrs. Helfeldt, of Hoboken, N. J., was about to retire late on the night of the 17th ult. her invalid husband Carl, aged 65, produced a revolver and calmly announced that her time had come, that he was going to kill her and then himself in order that they might both change their residence to another world. One glance at his wild eyes convinced her that her good man had suddenly become a maniac, so she made a break for the next room and bolted and barricaded the door. Her furious husband besieged her all night but towards morning relieved her of her terror by putting a bullet through his head, thus ending his life and a night of terror. The poor woman's brain has been affected by her terrible fright.

LEWIS JOYCE, of Floyd Court House, Va., had been alarmed on the 18th ult. by the rumor that a panther had been seen prowling in the neighborhood, so he laid an axe beside his bed when he retired that night, determined to give the wild beast a right smart fight if it should come prowling around there. In the night he was awakened by a noise in his room and springing up thought he saw the panther. He struck at its head with the axe and it dropped with a shriek instead of a growl. He had killed an orphan child, a negro girl, whom he had kept in his household service since the death of her mother. The girl's head was nearly split open by the blow of the sharp weapon. She was a somnambulist and was walking in her sleep when she was stricken down by her employer. He was acquitted by a jury.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-Table Gossips Enjoy.

A BEAUTIFUL young widow, aged 23, appeared in Washington society two months ago with letters of introduction from the most distinguished people, and was well received. She took rooms in a swell boarding-house, and all the men went for her ardently. Among her matches were a noted government official and his clerk. The latter however, soon cooled off and treated her with positive rudeness. One night last week there was heard a scream and a crash in the widow's room. All the house was alarmed, and the boarders rushing in, found the government official and his clerk rolling on the floor in a desperate fight, and the widow in a charming *deshabille*, trying to separate them. The official had been played for a sucker and had been bled freely while the clerk was enjoying the fair widow's love. The official caught the pair together and the fight was the consequence. The widow proved to be an adventuress. Her letters of introduction had been procured from distinguished citizens whom she had blackmailed. The wife of the official has sued him for divorce, he has discharged the clerk, and the widow has fled.

A MARRIED couple of Leavenworth after having lived together for thirteen years, discovered the other day that they are uncle and niece, and applied for a divorce. Their being no law of the State against their matrimonial relation, their application was refused. They have separated of their own accord, of course.

A FOOLISH young woman of Idaho answered an eastern firm of marriage brokers, who professed to be able to get husbands for the most unpromising matrimonial subjects. Last week she received a bill from the swindlers demanding \$25 for alleged advertising and threatening to publish her letter if she refused to pay up promptly. She paid.

A WRESTLE WITH A FISH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Sampson, of Santa Monica, Cal., was standing on a pier at that place one fine day a fortnight since, scanning the broad expanse of water and communing with his thoughts. By chance he cast his eyes down and they fell on a gigantic Jewish swimming along complacently in the clear waters near by. He jumped in at once and went for that Jewish fish. It was nip and tuck between them and for a long time it was a matter of doubt whether that Jewish would haul that Sampson out to sea and put itself outside of Sampson, or whether the aforesaid Sampson would yank the Jewish fish to shore and take him in. At last Sampson worked the fish into shallow water where a regular Græco-Roman wrestling match was begun between the man and the fish. After a desperate struggle which lasted ten minutes the man won the last fall and the victory and the fish as well. Victor and vanquished were hauled to shore amid the plaudits of an immense crowd of spectators.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

THE effects of Jesse James, the bandit, comprise several articles of jewelry taken from ex-Gov. Burbank of Dakota in a stage robbery at Hot Springs, Arkansas, eight years ago.

ON the 15th inst. Harry Clifford, a well known Milwaukee gambler, killed Captain Page at Racine, Wis. A mob threatened to lynch him and the authorities had much difficulty in getting him into the lockup and keeping him safe there.

BOR JACKSON got on a drunk at Winnipeg and started for home one night last week. The walking was soft and he paused on his way to lean against a tree and rest, his feet being sunk to the ankles in mud. He fell asleep and a cold snap coming on during the night his feet were frozen into the earth. He was frozen dead and still frozen in two days after.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Gossip of the Churches and the Vestry Rooms.

Chatterings in the Dorcas Societies, Buzzings at Prayer-meetings, and Whisperings Under the Pulpits.

LIGHTNING struck and destroyed the Methodist church at Fairfield, Pa., on the 19th ult. The gin mills and dives of the town were spared. The devil takes good care of his own in Pennsylvania.

A UNIVERSALIST minister named James C. Powers was sentenced on Dec. 21 to ten months' imprisonment in the house of correction in Dedham, Mass., for vagrancy. He was pardoned on the 19th ult. Mr. Powers was a college graduate and several years since presided over a wealthy congregation in Brooklyn, L. I. The death of his wife broke him all up. He left the pulpit and wandered about the country a miserable tramp. An attempt is to be made to start him in some more reputable business than either the pulpit or tramping.

REV. O. L. BRINKLEY, pastor of the Prospect Street Methodist church in Cleveland, Ohio, was prostrated in the pulpit by the effects of the grand *aurora borealis* on the night of the 17th ult. He was praying and when he opened his eyes he was paralyzed by the heavenly lights. The old man was a little scared when he opened his eyes and thought his prayers had been realized by his transportation to the fiery realms. There was a great sensation in the church, ladies fainting and a general panic being raised. That must be secretly a very wicked congregation indeed.

ANOTHER parson in trouble. An angel of pronounced color, Rev. J. W. Minor, of St. Louis, Mo., was arrested on the 15th ult. for passing a forged check. The officers searched his house and found many valuable but unclerical articles—among them a set of surgical instruments, a rifle and several sets of billiard balls. These things were claimed by citizens who said they had lost them through sneak thievery. Mr. Minor says he does not rely on human aid in this emergency; he thinks there will be an especial miracle provided to meet his case. But Missouri is bad soil for miracles.

A SOFT young man of Lebanon, Ohio, who was fit for nothing else became a convert to Methodism a month ago and felt that he was called to preach. His pastor encouraged him and recommended study. He hadn't the means to pay for his instruction, however, so he induced two spirit mediums to give an exhibition for his benefit. While the show was in progress the candidate for holy orders asked one of the inspired females if he would be successful as a minister. She said he would succeed for a while but would eventually die of consumption in abject poverty. This prophecy seems to have broken him all up for he went home and shot himself. He took the short cut to Heaven without waiting to coax any converts to accompany him on the road.

JARVIS S. FISHER, aged 26, of Leesport, Pa., a theological student, has been five years studying the Bible. The first year he could repeat the whole book of Genesis from memory, the second he mastered half a dozen books of the old Testament and so on until he had got the whole book in his brain. He was a marvel in his neighborhood and people used to go to his house to accept his challenge to start him anywhere in the book and hear him rattle off the words as glibly as if they were before him in print. Two or three weeks ago when he had sanctified himself by this study he went raving mad, fitted up a chapel in the attic in his father's house and preached there night and day. At last he became so violent that his doting parents instead of being proud of their saintly son were afraid of him. He was a kind of saint they had not bargained for, so they decided to send him to the lunatic asylum. When the officers came he barricaded himself in his chapel and fought like a tiger but was finally overpowered, bound and carried away shrieking like a fiend. Really it would seem to the worldly minded that it couldn't have been worse for this son of Mr. Fisher's if he had been brought up like the heathen never to see or know of the Bible.

MARRIED TEN TIMES.

A Man Who Just Failed to Accumulate a Round Dozen of Wives.

The boss bigamist has been found. His name is John H. Foster, he was born in New York city, and has just married his tenth wife and is in jail in Lynn, Mass., for it. In 1858, at the age of 20 years, he married Amelia Hartman, daughter of a well-to-do merchant in Baltimore, Md. He drew on his father-in-law several times for "new starts in life," but every time went broke. At the end of three months he borrowed \$75 from him and with it skipped to Augusta, Ga., where, in 1860, he married a literary lady named Miss Holmes. He went into the rebel army the first three months of the war, and while he was hammering at Sumpter a surgeon in the Confederate army was besieging and capturing his wife. He learned this and shook her. By playing lame he was made a quartermaster's clerk and kept away from the front and the bullets during the war. In three months he had met and married a dashing widow of Montgomery, Mrs. Clara G. Clayton, but she died in a year and their child shortly followed her. For three years he failed to marry. In 1865, when the war ended, Foster went to Louisville, Ky., poor, and represented that he had lost a fortune by the rebellion. By this pretence he got into the best society. He at once courted and married a maiden lady, aged 35, who was reputed to be worth \$50,000. Her father established him in business and he was living like a prince when a man for gambling seized him and he lost \$5,000 in one night at faro. His wife objected to the heavy drafts on her purse, and shortly after Foster got away to Cincinnati with \$2,000 as his capital. Five weeks after his arrival he married Josephine Dubois, a French woman of New Orleans, under the impression that she was wealthy, but she proving penniless they separated soon. He next turned up in Brooklyn where he married Miss Belle O'Connor. After a brief honeymoon he ran away to Philadelphia. In 1879 he ran on to Boston and married a Mrs. Fannie Rice, with whom he lived eleven months and then went back to Philadelphia and wedded Mrs. Annie Fielding, under the impression that she had money. Finding that he had been deceived he ran away to Pittsburgh where he lost no time in consummating his ninth marriage. This woman proved a Tartar, and lodged him in jail for a

year. He was no sooner out, however, than he went to St. Louis and married a Miss Caroline Muller. By this time a half dozen of his wives had been aroused and concerted measures to run him down. He was brought up with a round turn at Lynn, Mass., last week, as reported above, and it will go hard with him, for the women are in their war paint and mean business.

SLAUGHTERED BY A CYCLONE.

Terrible and Fatal Effects of a Big Breeze in Pennsylvania.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The cyclone that swept over Missouri a couple of weeks ago, turned up in Pennsylvania on the 19th ult., ripping things generally in the northern part of Fayette County in that State. It began operations about 5 P. M. on that date. The path of the "zephyr" was about five hundred yards south of the town of Pennsville, and the neighborhood of that town suffered severely. The Memorial church, a handsome brick building, was levelled to the ground. A boy named Abner Jarrett, who was riding a horse homeward, was blown from the back of the animal more than a hundred feet into the middle of a ploughed field, but was unhurt. The horse was struck by a flying scantling from the church, which passed through his body, killing him on the spot. The barn of A. H. Sherrick, a large solid stone building, was blown down like a house of cards and strewn many miles around. The air was filled with flying fence rails, parts of roofs, brick, timbers and wreckage of all kinds.

Mrs. Miller's cottage was destroyed, not a vestige being left; a scantling and several flying bricks were blown completely through the frame dwelling of John Detwiler, a mile away, as if they had been fired from a cannon of the heaviest calibre. A man named John Bundorf was lifted from his feet, carried a great distance and impaled by a flying fence rail which passed through his body, inflicting fatal injuries. John Winegrove, was driving his team down the mountain road at Laurel Ridge when the storm reached him. He was hurled from his wagon and his horses were killed by falling timber. He crawled to his home to find his wife lying dead fifty feet from the house with her babe eleven months old clasped in her arms unhurt. The clothing of the other children was in flames, and before they could be extinguished, two of them, boys aged 10 and 13, were fatally burned.

A large stone distillery at Bradford, had a hole blown clear through it, and six hundred barrels of whiskey were carried off and emptied into the river, three workmen being killed outright. Altogether it was the biggest blow ever heard of in Pennsylvania.

THE JENNIE CRAMER MYSTERY.

Lothario, Accused of Murder, Comes out Strong Among the Ladies.

The trial of the Malley boys and Blanche Douglass, accused of the murder of Jennie Cramer, was begun in New Haven, Conn., on the 18th ult. Both sides came up smiling and confident of victory. Miss Douglass however has shaken the Malleys and sits gloomy, alone and neglected in the court room. The young men accused of the murder are veritable lions among the ladies of New Haven and the actresses of traveling troupes (notably Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert of Daly's barnstormers) who press forward in court to shake hands with and smile on them. But no woman has a word of comfort to give to Blanche; she is apparently deserted by her sex, Lothario in duplicate has overwhelming attractions—especially when he has the crimson stain of murder cast at him by accusing justice. The new evidence to be presented by the prosecution is said to be very strong but the Malleys have a powerful array of talent on their side and express themselves confident that they will be acquitted.

WILLIAM WARREN.

[With Portrait.]

The conservatism of Boston attaches to its amusements as well as to its business and society. The Hub never tires of old friends on the stage, and the comedian at the Boston Theatre is as great a favorite to-day as when, in his vigorous prime, the long familiar parts he still appears in were presented by him in their festive freshness. An actor of the old school, with the old part richness that clings to a past fashion in dramatic art, Mr. Warren is a noble monument to the past of the American stage. He shared in the labor of rendering it illustrious with the army of great artists gone before him on the long journey which the vanity of fame cannot defer, and his powers to-day, unimpaired by age or dulled by practice, carry the present generation of audiences back to the day when their father's extended to the actor before them those exclamations the children are repeating with the same fervor and the same justice.

WATCHING THE STAGE DOOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The back door of a theatre is never without its cluster of loungers. By night it is the love-lorn swain waiting for the young woman who loves him for all he is worth in champagne suppers and diamonds; by day, about the end of rehearsals or matinees, the fairer sex usurps his privilege. That is the time when the leading man and the low comedian get in their fine work, as they phrase it, when they march out through a file of admirers and perform some of their loftiest feats of "mashing." The scene our artist depicts is an every day one at the back door of one of our uptown theatres. The figures engaged in it may vary but the fact never does, and as long as the stock of petticoated tools holds out, the strutting players may count on similar ovations.

MRS. J. R. VINCENT.

[With Portrait.]

In the lead of the older actresses of America this eminent artist and charming woman looks back on a career flushed by many triumphs fairly won. Her past services to the drama have had an influence upon the art which few women of the more frivolous modern stage can claim to have rendered it. Some of the most famous characterizations in our drama have owed their first interpretation to her, and her services in support of our great actors have placed her high in the history of which they are a part. Mrs. Vincent, an old Boston favorite, is still before the public there, as deservedly popular as in the time when her life spread more broadly before her, and her successes were yet to come.

CUPID OFF HIS BASE.

Cases in Which the Wicked Little God Doesn't Take Good Aim With His Shaft.

AT Hillsboro, Ill., Miss Mollie Hobbs of Litchfield was sentenced to jail for thirty days, having been convicted of immoral conduct with one Lon Fountain.

A MAN who eloped last week with the pretty wife of a Wisconsin man, left the following consoling note for the husband: "I have tooked your woman; but you ar welcome to my last week's wages which I didn't draw; and I hope that squares things."

MICHAEL R. FURLONG, a young lawyer of Springfield, Ill., met a wealthy widow of Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Peggall, at Hot Springs, Ark., last month. He declared he was madly in love. She said she felt a little that way herself. At last they agreed that they would separate and think it over. If at the end of a fortnight they were of the same mind they would meet at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis. They met last week and were married.

JOSEPH R. Toy, aged 72, of Simsbury, Conn., lost his wife last September, and his son's wife, Mary, aged 30, lost her husband last March. On the 18th ult., after toying with his daughter-in-law for a short time, the old man married and made a new toy of her. Tableau of consternation and despair among the good people of Simsbury.

NOTWITHSTANDING Frank Jennings, of Bradford, Pa., had a wife (nee Sarah Kintner) and twins in Bradford he married a young woman of Olean, N. Y., last month. On the 15th ult. wife No. 1 took legal proceedings for bigamy but meeting wife No. 2 had a little talk over the matter, sent away her lawyers and settled the affair on a business basis. Wife No. 2 offered wife No. 1 \$500 cash for her husband. No. 1 accepted this offer the bill was made out and No. 2 got a clear title, No. 1 agreeing to give up the name and resume as Miss Kintner.

A YOUNG and wealthy widow of London, Eng., hit on a novel plan to amuse herself. She registered herself on the books of a matrimonial agency as a young, wealthy, but blind candidate for matrimony, and lay luxuriously on a lounge in her boudoir, receiving the applicants. It was an effort to pretend blindness, but the fun she had was full repayment for her suffering. In the fun afforded by the manoeuvres of her suitors, the homeliest wretches described themselves to her as things of ravishing beauty, and the number of barefaced lies told her under the belief that she was "going blind" were very amusing. But finally a couple of thieves joined the caravan of sighing swains and scooped in all the money and brie-a-brac right before her eyes while breathing soft nothings in her ear. This was too much. She recovered her sight, made an outcry, grabbed the thieves, had a tussel and broke the illusion and her corset strings by the effort. She tried to persuade the most irascible of her lovers that she was miraculously cured by love; but he will persist in believing that she was playing him for a sucker, and says if she doesn't consent to marry him he'll vitrolize her eyes instead of anathematizing them as heretofore.

SINDRAM DIES GAME.

A Bungling Execution and a Scene of Horror at the Gallows.

[With Portrait.]

On Friday, the 21st ult., William D. Sindram, the murderer of Mrs. Crave, his lodging-house keeper, was hanged in the Tombs. The condemned man, during nearly a full year of imprisonment, maintained a firmness and a contempt for death that astonished every one. He was a pronounced free-thinker and infidel and received the advances of priests and parsons with scorn, openly repulsing them and answering their proffers of consolation with the scornful declaration that the priest was as ignorant of the hereafter as was he, and that neither was competent to foretell the future in the other world. The Rev. Dr. Morgan, an Episcopal clergyman, who approached him in an argumentative and speculative way, instead of settling up for an infallible prophet, succeeded in interesting him and winning his respect; but while respecting the opinions of his adviser, Sindram declined to adopt his views and died as he had lived, a disbeliever in Christianity, though not a scoffer.

There were many that predicted that his courage would give out when the gallows loomed up before him but to the increased astonishment of his jailers and the public his firmness was maintained and his manner was perfectly self possessed and natural on the last day of his life. His interview with his mother and sister was very affecting but, although it was a great trial to him, he did not weaken and maintained his stoicism throughout. He went to bed at midnight after having chatted pleasantly with the visitors and the condemned murderers Leighton and McGloin. His sleep was gentle and calm like that of an innocent child and the doctors who clustered about his bed and felt his pulse expressed great astonishment at his nerve sleeping or waking. The sleeper did not stir until Rev. Dr. Morgan arrived at half past 6 A. M. and touched him lightly on the shoulder. He sprang to his feet, gaily saluted his visitor and asked how he felt and gave a cheery reception to his counsel who entered the cell shortly after the announcement that there was no hope of a stay of proceedings. Sindram said that did not surprise him, that anyhow he preferred death to imprisonment, and then ordered his breakfast of rolls, eggs and coffee and ate it with a relish. As he finished his meal Sheriff Rowe and Under-Sheriff Stevens entered the Tombs, accompanied by forty deputies carrying batons, attired in black and wearing mourning bands on their hats. Sheriff Stevens appeared in the cell accompanied by two deputies and read the death warrant, Sindram listening unmoved and eyeing the reader keenly as he ran through the legal phrases. The prisoner nodded at the conclusion and said he was ready whenever the sheriff was.

The hangman, a lean, cadaverous, awkward person, with long, bony hands (this was his first attempt at an execution, he being a new man) stepped forward and drawing a black cap and a noose from his pocket placed the one on the condemned man's head, the other about his neck. His arms were then pinioned, and at half past eight o'clock the procession was started for the gallows in the usual order and with the customary solemn funeral display. Sindram walked firmly and manifested not the slightest emotion. At the gallows Dr. Morgan read from his prayer-book the service for the dead, but was stopped finally by an impatient gesture from Sindram, and the hangman fastened the rope, but, bungler as he was, forgot to pull down the cap. This arranged, the sheriff gave the signal three times before the rope was cut and the drop

fell. The weight was too light for Sindram's body, and he was hoisted slowly in the air, the noose slipping from under his ear to the back of his neck. Then ensued a terrible scene of torture, the victim writhing and struggling for fifteen minutes before he strangled to death. The body was taken to Greenwood where the Rev. Dr. Morgan promised the prisoner he would bury him.

LOVE DROWNED OUT.

A Most Aggravating Series of Mishaps that Broke up a Young Beau of Keokuk.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A tony youth of Keokuk, Iowa, took his young lady to a party near town on the 25th ult. but gave himself such airs during the festivities and was so selfish in monopolizing the young lady for every dance that all the boys were flaming with jealousy and determined to get even with him. Accordingly they hired a colored man to steal his horse and buggy and drive it home. The tony youth was among the last of all the company to leave and when he found that his conveyance had disappeared there was nothing to be done but for the pair to walk the whole distance back, which they did with much grumbling and ill temper. When nearly home they were overtaken by a terrible rain-storm and took refuge in a baggage car which was standing alone on a side track. That is to say they attempted to take refuge there. The young man rested the young girl on his shoulder to help her in but no sooner had her feet touched the floor of the car than there arose before her half a dozen frowsy, ragged and fierce looking tramps who had been sleeping there. In her terror she fell back on the young man, smashing his new plug hat and rolling over with him in the mud and rain, to the utter ruin of her finery and his brand new claw-hammer coat and other toggery. Then the frightened pair arose and lit out for home through the rain, leaving the tramps master of the situation.

The young lady has given Jimmy H. his walking papers. She says he may be a very nice young man and may mean well and all that, but he's unfortunate. She doesn't intend to go through life hitched to a man whom bad luck seems to have made a dead set on. So she has taken one of the conspirators in his place and he is thrown out in the cold. Thus is again verified the old, old aphorism, "They laugh best who laugh last," and it isn't the man who discovers the gem who is the one who wears it. Not much.

A BURGLAR'S MISTAKE.

Taking a Policeman for His Pal and Giving Himself Dead Away.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Before daybreak on the morning of the 20th ult. a Brooklyn policeman saw a man come out of the door of John McLean's tailor store 558 Fulton street, in that city. Looking closely he noticed that this man was joined by another and that the two were evidently on guard. He approached cautiously on the opposite side of the street but was discovered and the men expecting that he would pursue them separated and went away in opposite directions. He went direct however to the store and drawing his pistol pushed the door open and entered. He found a burglar kneeling and busily engaged bundling up goods. The policeman touched him on the shoulder. Mistaking the new comer for one of his impatient pals he did not look up but handing him a package said "all right."

When the policeman gave him a good shake and he saw who his visitor was he was overwhelmed and could not make the slightest resistance. At the station house he was recognized as a well known Brooklyn thief named John Kelly, aged 22.

David Levi, an aged Jew, quite a Fagin in appearance, was arrested as the receiver of the stolen goods, Kelly and his gang having robbed the store in which he was caught of over \$1,200 worth of cloth only a few nights before. He entered by means of a skeleton key which was found in his possession. All the goods in Levi's store were seized by the police. They had included coffee, toys, oil, cloth, fancy goods and ready-made clothing, making a large stock in all.

AMAZONIAN BELLES.

Two Beauties of Reading, Pa., Settle Their Differences in a Fierce Sunday Fight.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A shocking affair between two young ladies, Miss Wickel and Miss Reedy, of Reading, Pa., on the 14th ult. They had been to church with their young men and met on the street after services. Miss Reedy was accused of speaking disparagingly of Miss Wickel and the pair went for each other savagely. After much hair pulling and slogging Miss Reedy jumped at her antagonist with both feet, planting one heel on Miss Wickel's chest and the toe of her other foot under that lady's jaw with such force that she was knocked out of time.

The physician who revived the injured girl after the affray says she may suffer an entire loss of the power of speech in consequence of her injuries. The young men who were in the company of the girls said they could not prevent the fight and that they fought so rapidly and with such tigers like ferocity that there was no opportunity to interfere before the damage had been done.

Miss Reedy is now the boss girl but the young fellows are not so eager to tackle her matrimonially as heretofore. A wife who can mop the floor with a fellow when he comes home tight or when he winks at another fellow's wife may be handy to have around the house but there are serious drawbacks.

TONY HART'S RECORD.

In the biographical sketch of Tony Hart in last week's issue it was inadvertently stated that the genial and talented artist had been a bootblack in his boyhood. This was erroneous but was not intended as a detraction. Some of the best men in the country have been bootblacks and newsmen. "Honor and fame from no condition rise" and although Tony remembers this he denies the alleged bootblack episode in his history out of pure regard for personal truth and the veracity of the written records.

A BAR-ROOM DUEL.

A policeman and a fireman had a pistol fight in a Louisville, Ky., bar-room on the 11th ult. Policeman Thomas Muhr asked all in the saloon to drink, but fireman John Hughes declined, saying he drank only with gentlemen. Then they got out their little pistols and fired seven shots, only one taking effect and wounding Hughes in the hand. Then honor was satisfied and they took several drinks all around.



THE DEVIL'S ROSARY.

HOW THE INDIAN MAIDS ARE TAUGHT THE METHODS OF CIVILIZATION AND WOODED TO CHRISTIANITY BY TRADERS' BEADS AND MISSIONARY BLANDISHMENTS.



THE RELIGIOUS TENTING SEASON.

A MICHIGAN REVIVALIST STARTS OUT WITH A TRAVELING CAMP MEETING TROUPE WITH PORTABLE RELIGIOUS PARAPHERNALIA OF THE BEST QUALITY, TO RIVAL THE CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE SHOWS.



A BURGLAR'S BLUNDER.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF ROBBERY, IN BROOKLYN, L. I., HE MISTAKES A PROWLING POLICEMAN FOR HIS PAL, WITH SERIOUS RESULTS.



SLAUGHTERED BY A CYCLONE.

FARMS WRECKED, MANY PEOPLE SLAIN AND ANIMALS SHOCKINGLY MUTILATED BY A BIG BREEZE PASSING OVER FAYETTE COUNTY, PA.



A SMUGGLER'S DARING RUSE.

SAILING UP NEW YORK BAY IN THE PADDLE WHEEL OF AN HAVANA STEAMER TO EVADE THE REVENUE OFFICERS.



HEELING A BEAUTY.

TWO AMAZONIAN BELLES FIGHT AT READING, PA., IN THE PRESENCE OF THEIR BEAUX; THE VICTOR HEELS HER ANTAGONIST, SPOILING HER GOOD LOOKS.



NOW THE DOG IS DEAD.

AWFUL EFFECT ON A MADISON AVENUE LADY, OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT HER CANINE PET HAD DIED AT THE DOG SHOW IN NEW YORK.

LINKED TO A FIEND.

A Lawyer Accused of Murder Unfolds a Harrowing Tale.

A Drunken and Murderous Wife Makes His Home a Hell on Earth and Drives him to Crime.

The trial of the lawyer, C. J. Lansing, of Eureka, Nev., accused of murdering his wife, was ended on March 23 with a harrowing story told to the court and jury by the prisoner himself. This story was one of prolonged matrimonial misery. They were married in the fall of 1892 and went to Eureka to live.

Speaking of his wife he said: "She was violent and furious, especially so when intoxicated, which was often. She has assaulted me a great many times and in very many different ways, often evidently with the intent to take my life. She was physically my equal at least and my dread of her was only too well founded. In Virginia City in 1895 she smashed the big toe of my right foot with a rock which she aimed at my head but which I dodged. When I stumbled and fell she thought the blow had been better aimed and she cried out, 'I have killed you, damn you, and I am glad of it.' She lay in bed intoxicated after this, having locked the door so that I could not get in. She sobbed up and I went back to her but in a few weeks she got intoxicated again and behaved as bad as ever."

He then related how in 1896 she emptied the tea-kettle on him to keep him from going to a night session of court, and when he started to go notwithstanding her remonstrances tried to stab him with a large table knife. He knocked her down with a hickory cane but did not hurt her much.

Continuing Lansing said: "I felt like letting loose all holds and I drank heavily too. I was very poor at the time and my wife's conduct nearly drove me crazy. She came to my office in 1898 and charged me with having ordered the Bank Exchange saloon not to let her have any more whiskey. She was very angry and exclaimed: 'Damn you, I'll kill you.'"

"I tried to get away but she struck me with a rock before I cleared the door. I was stunned but found the steps and crawled into the street. Months after this on Treasury Hill she told me that if she had killed me in Gold Hill she would have been all right, as she had my pistol fixed. I wanted to go to Los Angeles from Gold Hill but she wanted to go to White Pine and she made me go there."

"The same story was repeated in the latter place—deliberate attempts to kill me followed by empty promises to reform. She would come after me in the court house and make such interruption that the police would have to carry her back home. One very cold night she kicked me out of bed and I begged to be allowed to come back. She would not relent until I swore I would never attend another night session of court. When preparing to leave White Pine for Eureka I had a purse of \$200. She made me give it to her and she threw it down the hillside. This was early in the morning but she made me go out and look for the money and had me picking it up until daylight. I ran away to Elko to get rid of her after this, while she was still under the influence of drink, but after being gone a week I came back on Ada's account."

Lansing said his reason for not leaving her was partly on account of his daughter Ada and partly because his wife had threatened to follow him to the ends of the earth and kill him if he did so and he believed she meant what she said. She cowdled him in Eureka and attacked him with a knife, cutting through his coat and drawing blood before he had time to defend himself.

Coming to the time when the fatal blow was struck Lansing said: "She was so violent on the night preceding the killing that I did not dare go to sleep in the same house with her. I sent for Mr. Bartlett and he said that we must lie. I assisted him and we bound her wrists and ankles with silk handkerchiefs. At daylight Mr. Bartlett, who lay all night on the lounge without sleeping, went away. She begged to be unbound and promised to behave, so I unbound her. She said, 'I'll kill you for this, sure.'"

She begged me to send her up two bottles of champagne and she would get sober. I sent them up to her. I had been wandering about all day, avoiding everybody with whom I thought I might have business, and trying to straighten up myself. I was so nervous and felt such a pressure on my head that I could not be still in any place. I could neither stand up nor sit down; had to walk all the time. I remember that I passed by my dwelling-house several times during the day; that I ate my dinner at home; that I went up to the house in the evening. The Chinaman had gone away and left the kitchen door locked. She came into the kitchen in her night clothes and barefooted, and went down into the cellar, as I thought, for whiskey, for she often hid a bottle down there. When she came up I said: 'I think I'll go down town.' She replied: 'You son of a b—, I'm fixed for you, and you shan't leave this house.' I tried the kitchen door, and finding that I could not get out that way I turned around, when my wife confronted me, screaming: 'I'll kill you! I'll kill you!'

"She had her right hand pressed against her hip and covered by her nightgown. In a frenzy of utter nervousness and dread, I made a supreme effort to rally. I grasped something—whether I now believe was the fatal chair; I do not remember where or with what I struck. I merely recollect hearing a crash and seeing her lying at my feet. I don't know how I found out that she was dead. I don't remember how I got out of the house. I remember I thought of calling my next door neighbor, Mr. Butler, but I saw no light in his house. I don't remember going down town, but remember telling the sheriff that I had killed my wife."

The jury were out only twenty minutes and returned with a verdict of not guilty, to the great satisfaction of the sympathizing citizens.

DISCIPLINING A SON-IN-LAW.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a young man in New York who has a wife. Asounding as this assertion may seem, it must also be stated that his wife has a mother and by a most remarkable coincidence his wife's mother is his mother-in-law. Under these circumstances it will be understood, that the young man in question is called upon to mind his p's and q's as well, probably, as the remainder of the alphabet, in his relations with his family.

As a rule he does so, but after all, man is but mortal, and his weaknesses are but human ones. Last week one of the latter qualities got the better of Mr. Brown.

He was passing Macy's when he remembered that he wanted some neckties and went in to invest. He found the proper counter and a young lady, wreathed in smiles, as well as a tasteful toilette, who attended to his wants. Her politeness, naturally, exacted a reciprocal civility from him, and as they picked the neckties out they chatted over the dog show and similar exciting subjects with growing interest. So absorbed did Mr. Brown become that he was not aware of the approach of a grim looking elderly lady until that worthy female punched him in the ribs, exclaiming:

"Oh, you villain! and is this the way you deceive my daughter, flirting with these artful hussies?"

Mr. Brown turned pale at the sight of the author of these blood-curdling words and undertook to explain. But the old lady responded by planting her umbrella in his stomach and amplifying her accusations till they would have filled a dime novel. The storm was not calmed till a detachment of light porters rescued Mr. Brown, and he has not been seen in the street since. When he is well enough to come out, it will be safe to give odds that he won't visit Macy's.

SLOGGED IN SCHOOL.

Two Brooklyn Schoolmarm Illustrate the Manly Art Before Their Pupils.

Two Brooklyn schoolmarms had a mill in school on the 19th ult. to the great delight of their pupils. The institution where this little scrap without gloves occurred is public school No. 39, which is one of the best in all Brooklyn. Miss H. N. Morris is the principal and is a prepossessing person. Miss Seymour is a teacher in the grammar department and is also a prepossessing person. It is customary when the lady teachers are absent through illness to furnish substitute schoolmarm at the expense of the absentee. Miss Seymour was absent lately for a week but refused to pay out of her salary.

Miss Morris undertook to lecture her for this. School was in session at the time and the children had full opportunity to witness the introduction of a new branch of callisthenics. Miss Morris suddenly sent out her right hand under Miss Seymour's ear, and countered with her nails on the snapper. Then Morris put in a heavy one that sent her opponent down all in a heap.

In the second round Seymour used her nails with good effect but Morris slogged away right and left in a desperate rally, sending her down all in a heap in her corner, to the intense delight of the small boys who jumped on their desks and cheered the fighters on. The second round however was too much for Seymour so she threw up the sponge by sending one of her pupils for a policeman. When the officer arrived he found everything lovely. The children were singing a hymn and the Amazons had washed the traces of the fray from their faces.

The young women are backed by rival political factions in the Brooklyn Board of Education and neither party will consent to the punishment of its female champion, so the affair has been hushed up and declared a draw.

If the ladies are anxious to make a match and settle the affair aright why don't their political backers send over a deposit to the POLICE GAZETTE office and do the thing right? We are always ready to encourage these laudable pugilistic aspirations.

SHE LOST HER PET.

A Serio-Comic Scene in the New York Dog Show.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The dog show at the American Institute Building has not only been a great success but fruitful of incidents of a comic nature. The ladies of the metropolis have come out grandly with their pets and have contributed much to the success of the display. The specimens of costly and useless dog flesh in that exhibition has been astonishing. There have been seen nondescript canines of all abnormal breeds and hideous shapes, useless for other purposes than petting and pampering by women who find it less troublesome to attend a dog than to care for a child and who therefore slaughter their offspring by prevention and coddle pups by preference. These animals are pampered and nursed in satin padded cradles and down-lined cages and the nursing and care given them is astonishing.

One of the finest specimens of the diminutive pug dog in the exhibition belonged to a wealthy lady of Madison avenue, who loaned it only on the urgent solicitation of the committee, backed by the commands of her husband. The pampered pet was conveyed to the show building in a gilded cage but so delicately had it been reared that it took cold the second day of the exhibition and died.

The owner was sent for and made a greater scene when the dead dog was shown her than if the remains had been those of her child. Some bystanders who witnessed her frantic grief were rude and heartless enough to laugh. In spite of the protests of her husband she insisted on kissing the dead cur and carrying its dear remains home for interment. Whether she paid her favorite parson to read the prayers over it we have no means of knowing, but we should not be at all surprised if she had done so and had gotten up a big funeral and bought a high-priced burial plot in Greenwood for it. We are prepared for any nonsense from these dog maniacs.

TWO SNIDE MANAGERS.

A Fine Couple Taken From Union Square and Placed Where they Belong.

[With Portraits.]

At last two of the class of swindling, snide dramatic managers who prowl Union Square and lay for victims have been lodged in prison. The two who suffer as representatives of their large class are Maurice A. Schwab and Henry W. Rummel. Schwab advertised for a lady who was ambitious to take a position at the head of a dramatic combination and who would be willing to pay for the privilege of disporting in a leading role. A young woman from South Carolina who thought herself a born actress accepted the offer, paid him \$700 and was taken to Boston on the pretence that she was to be given a chance to appear at the Boston theatre. There Schwab and his pretended treasurer, Henry W. Rummel, hoodwinked the victim for a couple of weeks and after getting all the money they could from her skipped to New York, leaving her to pay their hotel bills.

She, furious on learning that she had been tricked, followed and had the precious pair arrested. This is a good beginning. Now it is to be hoped that the other victims will take heart and have the score of swindling snides who infest Union Square on summer days taken into custody and lodged with Schwab.

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

A HACT drove up to the Windsor Hotel in Denver, Col., shortly after the arrival of the eastern train on the 13th ult., containing a gentleman, a veiled lady and a little boy aged about 5 years. The lady handed the child out to the hotel porter and told him to keep him in the hotel till she called in the afternoon. Then the carriage was driven off and nothing has been seen of the couple since. The child said his name was Ray Jones and he came from Salina, Kansas. The mother of the child, it appears from an unsigned letter found in the boy's pocket, got a divorce from her husband three years ago and is now anxious for a reconciliation and left the child at the hotel under the mistaken idea that he was residing there. She cannot be found and the police are hunting hopelessly for a man named Jones who will claim the boy.

A STATION house tragedy in New York. A young girl, very pretty and innocent looking, named Jennie O'Brien, aged 18, was arrested by detectives on the 17th ult. on suspicion of having committed a theft. She was taken to the station house and put, crying, into a cell. She had been there only a few moments when she fell to the floor apparently in a fit and died in a few moments. Heart disease heightened by fright is said to have been the cause. The detectives were much annoyed at her unexpected demise as, they say, it breaks up a plan which they have been nearly a year perfecting for the arrest of a gang of hotel thieves. The young woman came to New York from Saratoga in September last, was employed as a chambermaid in the Sturtevant House and remained there until Jan. 18, when she was discharged for repeated absence from the house without permission. She, it is alleged, was the agent of a gang of thieves who managed several big robberies through her, among them being the theft of \$3,000 from between the mattresses in the room of Willie Edoulin, the actor, some months since. She was a most innocent looking person and played her part so well that even the detectives were for a time deceived by her. At last, however, they got her in their clutches and had recovered some trifling articles she had stolen. They had her frightened and were sure that she would have given away the whole gang who have escaped only through her (for them) opportune death.

A BRIC-A-BRAC YOUNG MAN.

An Art Connoisseur Escapes a Dun by Posing an Hour in Armor.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A spendthrift son of one of our New York millionaires, among in any ruinous vices, has some good and refining qualities, among which is a taste for bric-a-brac and the antique in art. His rooms, extravagantly furnished, are littered with all sorts of old art treasures, giving them, some of his envious companions say, the appearance at times of a museum of antiquities. He cannot be cured of this mania by ridicule, however, and has spent large sums in making the collection and in adding to it.

Lately, however, the old man, who made his fortune by shaving notes and speculating in land and shoddy, shut down on him and withheld the funds as he had objections to furnishing money to buy old chinaware, medieval furniture, weapons of warfare and such trash. The result was our young art connoisseur found himself regularly strapped and besieged in his house by his creditors. He stood them all off but one by having a friend report that he had gone west on a short trip and would not be back until a month had elapsed. This one however was a prying, incredulous old chap and he kept up the siege. Nothing would satisfy him but a personal inspection of the premises, bill in hand. The debtor hastily concealed himself in a suit of armor, rusty and musty, of the 13th century and posed on a pedestal while the old chap hunted around the place without discovering him. The creditor sat on the pedestal to rest and take in the whole luxurious apartment, and passed some time there kissing our young friend's pretty servant maid in the most aggravating manner, both being unconscious that they were under the personal inspection, in fact, directly under the eye of the master of the premises during their amorous dalliance. The creditor says he will put in a bill against the old fellow for every kiss he took and when a balance is struck the creditor will be found the debtor in a considerable sum.

A MAIDEN'S WRONGS.

Shocking Outrage of a Young Woman in Detroit by a Gang of Unknown Villains.

A young woman named Rosa McClusky, employed in a photograph gallery in Detroit, tells a strange story of mysterious outrage. On the evening of the 1st ult., as she was on her way home, she was attacked by two men who knocked her down, dragged her up an alley to a stable, where they repeatedly outraged her, with three other men who joined them after the first attack had been made. She alleges that the moment she was seized chloroform was administered to her, and she was kept partially under its influence during the night. She had an indistinct remembrance of being thrown into a wagon and driven through the streets. About daylight the next morning she recovered full consciousness and found herself lying in a field in the country fifteen miles from town. She hailed a passing farmer who took her to a house near by where she received attention. Miss McClusky is a handsome lady-like person, aged 25. She submitted to an examination by a physician, at the instance of the police, and he reported that there were plain evidences that she had been recently and cruelly outraged. There is no clue to the villains who did the deed.

RELIGION TAKES THE ROAD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It has been usual for the religious circus to have its tenting season just like the Forepaugh and the Coup shows and the rest, but this year the business is to be conducted on a more liberal and enterprising scale than was ever before attempted. The revival boom is to be maintained through the west by a Michigan parson who, aided by the contributions of a set of religious idiots or wire pulling hypocrites will travel over the state when fine weather comes with a regular caravan of howling, praying, psalm-singing fanatics, male and female.

They will take with them a religiously decorated show wagon, a big tent, a portable pulpit and a large gilded cross to surmount the center pole and will hold

revival meetings in all the towns and hamlets along their way. The business manager of that enterprise had better post himself on the movements of the circus companies. If he should open his show in the same places as the clowns and the learned mules he will be dead sure to go broke and his artists will have to walk home with imminent danger of starving on the way unless they can manage to have the leaves and fishes racket repeated for their especial benefit.

SWALLOWED BY A SNAKE.

A Vouched For Brazilian Story that Discounts the Best Efforts of Jerseymen.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Brazil the rivers are known to be infested with a variety of gigantic water snake known as the Sucuryu, which is as large and quite as voracious, while more active than the anaconda. On March 1st, it is reported by one of our correspondents, while a couple of New Yorkers, a Miss Blair, and a Mr. Charles Coppee, were wandering in the gloaming on a cleared but somewhat mushy bank of the Amazon, a gigantic specimen of the Sucuryu suddenly appeared, swung his forward coil about the young man and dived into the river with him, catching the young woman in a second coil of tail and dragged her after. The young woman got free and escaped to the shore sadly bruised and frightened, but the young man was seen no more. The natives say the snake undoubtedly swallowed him. The reptile rarely attacks human beings but never loses a chance to gobble up animals that came to the river to drink.

The rough part of this adventure is that the young lady and her beau had just sworn never to be separated in life or death. She can't join her lover in death unless she envelops herself in the identical snake that has made itself the burial casket of her own beloved, and how is she going to do that. Her oath will not count this time, we guess. With her next lover she should make a condition of her vows that snake explorations shall be barred.

MURDER LET LOOSE.

A Record of Villainous Deeds Inspired by Avarice, Jealousy or Malice.

AN unknown man had been prowling around Barnard, Mo., for a week, armed with a couple of pistols and a shot gun and acting in a suspicious manner. Charles Alkire attempted to arrest him on the 18th ult. and was shot dead. The murderer is supposed to be an escaped lunatic, and the sheriff with a strong posse has gone out on his trail to take him dead or alive and a nice job truly he's going to find it.

WM. EAVES, of Newton county, Ark., cultivated a farm with the aid of his 14 year old boy, who was all his family. Lately the land was homesteaded. It was well located and timbered and many parties coveted it. Eaves was notified that he was only a squatter and must leave. He refused to go. One night several weeks since his hay rick was found to be on fire and as he ran out to extinguish the flames a man lying in wait put a bullet through his head and escaped.

A YEAR ago John Nasset deeded his farm near Cambridge, Ohio, to his son on the condition that he should maintain his father and mother during their life. Immediately after the son declared he was going to get married and build a new house. The father, enraged at the prospect of a new mistress being brought in to superintend the property and himself, threatened to shoot his son if he did not abandon his matrimonial intentions. The youngster did not regard this, but married a young woman and brought her home. On the 12th ult. the father kept his threat by creeping up behind the son and shooting him through the head with a rifle. The old man then went to his room and blew his own brains out.

A DARING SMUGGLER.

How the Revenue Officers of New York were Neatly Tricked.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The arts of the smugglers in the port of New York are many and keep the revenue officers in a flurry day and night. The last which proved successful was so daring as to be worthy of extended notice. As one of the Havana steamers was coming up the bay one day a couple of weeks or more since, a man with several packages evidently containing cigars and other dutiable goods, encased in tin cans and strapped to his back, undertook to get into a boat which was lurking near, and into which had already been hauled several packages which he had thrown in the water.

The revenue officers detected this move and the cutter sent out her boats to capture the long-boats of the smugglers. There was no escape, so the crew deliberately upset their craft and one of the revenue boats. The smugglers swam to the beach at Gowanus bay but the man laden with boxes disappeared. It was thought he had been drowned.

Shortly after the steamer arrived at her wharf a drowned and half drowned wretch climbed to the dock and made off in the darkness down the wharf. It was the smuggler with his cigars. He had been hidden in the big paddle wheel of the steamer during the half hour she occupied in getting to her dock. It was a daring enterprise but it is not likely the fellow, brave as he may be, has any relish for a second trial of his stratagem.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

A YEAR ago Joe Brown, alias Big Jim, committed a brutal double murder in Hill county, Texas, mutilating the bodies of his two victims and then cremating them. He was not seen in the vicinity again until the 18th ult., when deputy sheriff Meredith and a posse got on his trail and ran him down. He showed fight and was fairly riddled with bullets.

THREE unknown men alleged to have been horse thieves were hanged in the woods near Kirbyville, Mo., by a band of equally unknown vigilantes on the 15th ult.

WM. OWEN, of Plattsburg, Mo., was indicted on the 15th ult. on a charge of seducing Miss Mollie Lamb under promise of marriage. Another case is to be tried—that of Vincent Owen, charging him with abducting the same girl. It will be a fine bouquet when it is all spread out and arrayed by the lawyers.

EDWARD FOLSOM, convicted at Fort Smith, Ark., of the murder of Wm. Massena and John Stewart in the Choctaw Nation near Walden last August, has been sentenced to be hanged on June 30.

THE PRIZE RING.

Still no Great Match, But Much Talk About It.

A Stir in the British Pugilistic World Over the Defiance of the Champion Sullivan.

After a pugilist wins an important prize fight he does not hurry about arranging a second meeting. Since John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, defeated Paddy Ryan and won the championship of the world and \$7,000 he has not been over anxious to again go into training, therefore he refuses to meet Jimmy Elliott, the well known heavy-weight pugilist, who recently posted \$250 at this office, and challenged him to fight for \$1,000 a side.

We have received dozens of letters from all parts of the country from correspondents who want to know whether Jimmy Elliott's challenge has been accepted by the champion. Up to the time the POLICE GAZETTE went to press we have not received any direct reply from the champion. The stakes, \$1,000, Elliott proposes to fight for are not large enough, Sullivan says. It is a well known fact that Sullivan's bank account has been made bulky since he whipped Ryan and he is not obliged to fight at present; that is as far as the needful is concerned. He has already reached the top of the tree by winning the championship of the world and he is too cunning, at least his adviser, Billy Madden, is, to take chances of falling (which is extremely doubtful) for so small an amount.

Jimmy Elliott is a well known and acknowledged game and plucky pugilist, a rattling two handed fighter and has the reputation of being a terrible hitter. Sullivan is at present the first boxer of the world and he will hold that title for some time. His late opponent, Paddy Ryan, is in Chicago keeping a sporting house and it is more than likely that he will never enter the ring again. The stories about Ryan selling the fight appear ridiculous.

By the way, in regard to this alleged selling of the fight, Critchley, the crack pitcher of the Allegheny, Pa., base ball club, who was a warm friend of Paddy Ryan, had this to say to a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent who visited him recently:

"The ball player was found propped up in bed, he being slightly indisposed from a cold. Hanging on the wall was a fine photograph of Paddy Ryan in ring costume, while standing on the floor beside a table were a pair of seven-pound Indian clubs on one of which was painted in gold letters 'Paddy Ryan.'"

After stating the object of the visit the writer asked Critchley what he thought of the fight.

"I know Ryan well," replied Critchley, "I had charge of his place in Albany, N. Y., when he was at the fight. Those clubs on the floor there are presents from Ryan as is also that photograph. As to his selling the fight, I think that is all wrong and when I state that you must understand that I was a loser, inasmuch as I laid a considerable amount of the where-with on the Trojan."

"The trouble with Paddy was he held Sullivan too lightly. He thought he could whip him easily. Instead of his being trained down to his fighting weight he was physiced down, I mean by an unnatural process. He would drink and eat anything he wanted and paid no attention to the rules laid down by his trainers."

"Roach, you remember," continued Mr. Critchley, "was laid up for a couple of weeks with rheumatism and that is the time Styles was engaged to help train him. In addition Ryan mingled too much with women of doubtful reputations which did him no good. No, sir, Paddy Ryan did not sell the fight but he lost it through wilful carelessness in not taking proper care of himself."

"Why, when the Troy delegation returned home (and some of them had a right tough time of it getting there too, they having dropped their money on their friends) I met them and asked them what they thought of the fight and several of them, the heaviest losers too, said they would be willing to hold up their right hand and swear that to the best of their knowledge and belief the fight was a fair, square one and that Ryan had been fairly whipped."

In conclusion Critchley stated that he thought previously and still thought that Ryan was the better man of the two; that he could stand up and take his gruel with as good grace as any man who ever entered a 24-foot ring, that he was twice as good a fighter now as he was when he fought Goss, he, Ryan, having learned to spar since then and that if the two should ever step into the ring again Ryan would whip Sullivan."

We had an interview with Joe Goss, the noted pugilist, at his sporting house, (the Saracen's Head) in Lagrange street, Boston, on the 19th inst. He was enjoying the best of health and doing a thriving business. In reference to the Ryan and Sullivan fight, he said he called on Ryan a few days before the battle and found he was in no condition.

"Why," said the veteran, "he had half a dozen shirts on and he told me he was in good condition. I knew he had not been half trained and that his flesh had been reduced by physicing. It made no difference, though—Sullivan would have whipped him any way, or any other man."

"I suppose you will fight no more," said a sporting man.

"No," said Goss: "I have had my day and my business is good enough for me." He continued, "In reference to Alf Greenfield being imported to fight Sullivan, why, he is too small. He would be no better than a dummy in front of Sullivan. Besides he is disabled. One of his arms has been broken."

Goss was then asked: "What about Tug Wilson?"

"Well," said England's ex-champion: "Wilson is also too small to fight Sullivan, but I think he is the better of the two. If Tug Wilson and Sullivan were matched, though, my money would be on Sullivan."

The leading pugilists in England, that is the heavy-weights, are quite anxious to visit America, having an idea that they will find some sporting man who will match them to fight John L. Sullivan. Alf Greenfield, who claims to be the champion of England, will shortly arrive on these shores. Tug Wilson, whose proper name is Joe Collins, is anxious to fight Sullivan. Recently he forwarded the following to the London Sporting Life:

GEORGE W. ATKINSON, Esq., Sir: In a recent issue of your journal was an announcement that Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE of New York, was willing to match Alfred Greenfield to fight John L. Sullivan, the American champion. I am at a loss to know why the choice has fallen upon Greenfield, for in his last battle with me in the old style I defeated

him easily enough, though, at the request of the lords and barons present I agreed to the prize money (£100) being divided. Since my battle with Greenfield no one has been anxious to try conclusions with me, and I am still open to box any man in England for the championship and £100 a side the fight to come off in eight weeks from signing articles."

"Tug" Wilson does not state that he will come to America. If he desires to do so we are authorized to inform the famous English pugilist that a noted sporting man of this city will match him to fight Sullivan for £2,000 a side and the championship of the world. His passage money will be at once forwarded to the Sporting Life office, London, if he will agree to come across the Atlantic.

As many of our readers are anxious to know of "Tug" Wilson's abilities as a pugilist, we give a sketch of Sullivan's next probable opponent, Joe Collins, who was born at Leicester, on the 31st of March, in the year 1847, and is in his 34th year. He stands 5 feet 6½ in. and at present the beam falls in his favor at 11 stone. "Tug" commenced his fighting career in the year 1866, when he entered the ring to try conclusions with Kenny, the shoeblack of Birmingham. Leicester-shire was the scene of the battle which lasted only an hour and ten minutes. Both men went gamely to their work, but after the first four or five rounds the Leicester representative opened the attack in a determined manner. Kenny assumed the defensive in a very able manner, but he had little or no chance with his opponent and the seconds of the Birmingham man threw up the sponge on the termination of the fifteenth round. It might be added in connection with this fight that "Tug" came out of the ring having sustained little or no damage whatever.

About twelve months later, July, 1867, Collins was matched with Johnny Orme, of Leicester. For this set-to both men had undergone an excellent course of training and a good struggle was expected by the friends of each party, but after fighting for an hour, during which time neither man had gained any marked advantage, the police appeared on the scene and put a stop to the proceedings which were getting towards an interesting stage. Further arrangements were afterwards made for the completion of the contest, but Orme failed to put in an appearance at the appointed time and afterwards, being allowed two hours' grace, the stakes, £10, were awarded to Collins. Orme and Collins were afterwards summoned and bound over to keep the peace.

In March, 1868, "Tug" entered the ring with Kenny, of Birmingham, the second time, the meet taking place at Fiskiton, in Nottinghamshire. Both men appeared in excellent condition and just previous to the commencement of hostilities "Tug" scaled 9 stone 8 pounds and his opponent 9 stone 6 pounds. This battle was decidedly the most even and severe in which the Leicester celebrity became engaged. After entering the ring both men were eager to commence the business and after a few preliminary spars some hard fighting was witnessed and both men responded sharply to the call of time. After 37 rounds had been rubbed off the contestants were getting well settled down to their work and had not the blues appeared on the scene (after the men had been in the ring 2½ and 29m.) the struggle for victory would have been a severe one. Collins and Kenny, together with their seconds, were ordered back to Nottingham and arrangements were made for the completion of the fight on the following day. For some reason or other Kenny did not put in an appearance till too late for the fight to be decided and after a consultation with "Tug," Kenny and the referee, the affair ended in a draw. Both men were pulled and bound over for 12 months. "Tug," not being satisfied with the termination of his last engagement, challenged Kenny a week later, offering to fight him for £100 to £50 or £50 to £40, but the Birmingham man did not reply.

For a period of 11 years Collins did not again appear inside the ropes and, in fact, owing to being in want of the "necessary," he was not in a position to issue challenges or go into training on his own account and "Tug" seeing the state of affairs made up his mind to retire from the ring altogether. This, to say the least, was very discouraging for "Tug," who had been able to command the friends—as many exponents of the "noble art" have been—his career would have been a much more important one. Having occasion, however, in the year 1879, to visit Nottingham to take part in a benefit exhibition he hid the gloves on with Teddy Carny, of York, the Northcountryman, at that time holding a high position in the estimation of the Nottingham school. Shortly afterwards a match was arranged between "Tug" and Carny for £20 a side and it need scarcely be added that the issue was looked for with an unusual amount of interest. The battle was decided in the exhibition buildings at Nottingham, in December, 1879.

A few weeks previous to the contest the Leicester man went into active training for the event and in a very short time he was quite his own self again. Of the fight itself very little description can be furnished. After settling 28 rounds (1½ 45m.) the battle terminated much in favor of "Tug," who from beginning to end had matters almost entirely in his own hands, and at the conclusion of hostilities he left the ring without any marked signs of punishment whatever. About a month later Collins received a benefit at the Temperance Hall, Leicester, when his friends rallied round him in large numbers. Just previous to the wind-up between "Tug" and his late opponent, Carny, acknowledged himself fairly beaten in the recent contest, adding that he had been defeated by a good man.

Encouraged by his previous success and with friends, money and home popularity at his back, "Tug" matched himself with Denny Harrington, of London, the latter allowing a "tenner" for the fight to be settled in the London district. "Tug," who was at this time in the prime of condition, put in a few weeks good training, and when he left home both he and his friends were sanguine of success. The meet was ultimately fixed to take place at Chatham and according to the articles governing the fight a limited number only of the friends and supporters of each man were to be present. Upon arriving at the scene of action "Tug" and his friends, about thirty in number, found the Harringtonites had assembled in large numbers, about 200 being present, and doubting his chance of having fair play his seconds refused to put him in the ring, and consequently what would in all probability have been a good battle, was left undecided, each man, by the direction of the referee, receiving his own coin.

In January, this year, "Tug" challenged Mat Mullins, but no reply was forthcoming. It will be seen from a perusal of this sketch that Collins has only been engaged in four battles, but nevertheless his popularity in the Midlands is almost second to none; and being, at the present time, in a position, it is more than probable that he will yet add other victories to his already successful career.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JUST OUT.

THE MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM.

A full exposure of its secret practices and hidden crimes. By an apostle's wife. Containing revelations of the deadly secrets of the "destroying angels," a complete history of the origin of Mormonism, the Mormon gospel, Mormon polygamy and government, Mormon miracles, the crimes of Mormonism, the Danites, Secrets of the Endowment House, Mormon wives and Mormon husbands, etc. By mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, New York.

J. E., White Rock, R. I.—Yes.

T. M., Jackson, Mich.—See answer to M. H. W.

D. W., Detroit, Mich.—Bonner paid \$3,000 for Dexter.

H. S., Danbury, Conn.—1. No. 2 Daniel Boone died Sept. 27, 1820.

S. P. W., Peoria, Ill.—1. Yes. 2. Hyer and Sullivan fought Feb. 7, 1849.

F. C., Scales Mound, Ill.—Forward \$1 and we will mail you the book.

W. C., Detroit, Mich.—There is no official time taken in England for racing.

W. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Richard K. Fox paid the stakes to Sweeney. 2. No.

CONSTANT READERS, Milwaukee, Wis.—We have not the lady's photograph.

J. C. S., Boonville, Mo.—1. By sending 35 cents to this office. 2. \$1.00. 3. In June.

D. S., New York City.—Master Walter was beat a head in the Lincoln Handicap.

R. G., Staten Island.—Gen. Hancock was within ten miles of Richmond, Va., Aug. 13, 1864.

S. H., Detroit, Mich.—President Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation Sept. 22, 1862.

GEO. LAW, New York.—We insert no challenges unless they are accompanied by a deposit.

H. S., Boston, Mass.—Weston was beaten by O'Leary in a six-day race in England, in April, 1877.

M. H., Albany, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Paddy Ryan. 3. Lily and McCoy fought on Sept. 13, 1842. 4. No.

BILLY CANTON, South Cleveland, O.—If you send on a forfeit your challenge will be published.

E. W. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Jimmy Kelly, the pugilist has not retired from the ring. 2. No.

ROBERT HUNTER, New Orleans, La.—We do not contemplate arranging such a match at present.

CONSTANT READER, Oakland, Cal.—1. No. 2. Tom Paddock and Sam Hurst fought on Nov. 6, 1880.

D. W., San Francisco, Cal.—Hanlan beat Hawdon, Elliott, Trickett, Laycock and Boyd in England.

M. D., Denver City, Col.—Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." 2. No.

J. W., West Bay City, Mich.—Thanks for items. The telegraph flashed the news before your letter arrived.

S. H., Bordentown, N. J.—Jack Randal was born in the neighborhood of St. Giles, London, Eng., November 25, 1794.

J. J., Greencastle, Ind.—George Topley came to this country in 1868. 2. He was the champion of England at that time. 3. Yes.

H. S., Toledo, O.—Mike McCoole beat Aaron Jones in 34 rounds, occupying 36 minutes, at Busenbark's Station, Ohio, Aug. 31, 1867.

F. Ross, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. We have no time to attend to your request. 2. We do not know of any one eager to back a pedestrian.

R. B., Fredericksburg, Va.—We are not backing pugilists at present, so you will be obliged to find some sporting man to furnish you the needful.

LIONEL, Harrisburg, Pa.—Tom Sayers was 5 feet 8½ inches in height. 2. He was beaten by Nat Langham only. 3. We are printing his life and battles.

GEORGE B., Rochester, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Jem Ward was beaten by Josh Hudson in 14 rounds, 36 minutes, and by Peter Crawley in 11 rounds, 26 minutes.

H. M., New Haven, Conn.—1. No. 2. Hanlan. 3. Wm. G. George is now credited with the fastest amateur performances in the world at 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 miles.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—The only American horses engaged to run in the Manchester Cup (England) handicap are Wallenstein, Willibert and Meteor.

POT BOY, Columbus, O.—The longest authenticated prize fight on record was between Jim Smith and Australian Kelly. 2. 1855. 3. They fought 16 hours and 15 minutes.

M. H. W., Toledo, O.—1. No. 2. The Brooklyn Theatre was burned on Dec. 8, 1876. 3. Yes. 4. Hanlan never lost a match race, although he has been beaten in regattas.

S. H., St. Louis, Mo.—Clarence Whistler dissolved partnership with Wm. Muldoon, at Indianapolis, Ind., on April 13. Muldoon is still filling engagements in the west.

G. H., Washington, D. C.—Ned Price fought a draw with Coburn and defeated Australian Kelly. 2. No. Yankee Sullivan was seconded by Johnny Lyng and Country McCuskey when he fought Hyer.

CONSTANT READER, Charlotte, N. C.—1. Yes. 2. It will be difficult to secure such an engagement as there are more actors now than can find situations. 3. Write to Wm. F. Poole, Grand Opera House, N. Y.

S. W., Kansas City.—1. Yes. 2. Jem Mace and John C. Heenan never fought as opponents. 3. Tom King and John C. Heenan fought in England Dec. 10, 1863, the latter winning in 24 rounds in 35 minutes.

G. M., Danville, O.—Belcher beat Britton G. Jones, Jack Bartholomew, Ganche, Bourke (three times and a turn-up), and Finley, was beaten by Pearce and Cribb (twice), and fought a draw with Bartholomew.

M. H. Lockport, N. Y.—Walter Brown went to England in 1869. 2. He did hold the title of champion oarsman of America. 3. Walter Brown was born at Newburg, N. Y., and he was no relation of George Brown of Halifax, N. S.

S. H., New Orleans, La.—1. In New York city in a recent 24-point cushion-carom practice game Sexton made 175 points in a single inning. 2. Sexton has a public record of 77. Both runs are the best on record at cushion caroms.

M. S., Cincinnati, O.—1. The annual drill of the Crescent Regiment of New Orleans is to take place between May 20 and 27. Prizes of \$1,000 and \$500 will be offered

for competition by all companies. 3. Upton's Revised Tactics are to govern the contests.

SAMBO, Dayton, O.—Jem Mace and Joe Goss fought three times. In the first Mace won, 19 rounds in 1½ 55½m., Sept. 1, 1863, for £1,000. The second ended in a draw, 1 round in 1½ 1m., May 24, 1868. Mace won the third, 21 rounds in 30m., Aug. 6, 1866.

F. B. M., Limestone, N. Y.—The following are the scores: Hazael, 600 miles 230 yards; Fitzgerald, 577 miles, 220 yards; Noremac, 555 miles; Rowell, 415 miles 335 yards; Hughes, 535 miles; Vint, 19 miles 165 yards; Panchot, 103 miles 1,270 yards; Hart, 542 miles 440 yards.

S. H., Troy, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Poulet's time in the race for the Lincolnshire handicap, ran March 27, was 1:43½. 3. The distance was one mile. 4. Buchanan won in 1881, and his time was 1:45. In 1890 Rosy Cross won in 1:47, and in 1879 Touchet won, running the distance in 1:52.

G. W. S., Washington, D. C.—1. No. 2. He resides in Chicago. 3. Barney Aaron has appeared seven times in the ring, defeating Johnny Robinson, Bill Evans, Johnny Monaghan and Sam Collier, fighting a draw with Robinson, and being beaten by Scotty of Brooklyn and Sam Collier.

SCRIPTO, Lansingburg, N. Y.—John Jackson, known as "Gentleman John," was born in London, Eng., Sept. 23, 1760. He defeated Fawcett and Mendoza, and was beaten by George the Brewer. He was recognized by the nobility and died at 4 Grosvenor street, Eaton square, Oct. 7, 1845.

H. S., Lockport, N. Y.—W. P. Phillips, of the London Athletic Club, who recently beat the best 120 yard amateur record at London, Eng., beat Myer in the 100 yard race at the last English champion meeting. 2. He is now credited with the best amateur record in the world at 120, 150 and 220 yards.

H. W., St. Louis, Mo.—1. We published the picture. 2. The Hillsdales have held the national amateur championship for three successive years, have met and fairly defeated every other prominent four in the country, and have never yet been beaten in any race in which they have participated.

S. W., Baltimore.—1. Charley Gallagher defeated Tom Allen, Feb. 1868, at St. Louis by knocking him out of time in the second round after fighting three minutes. 2. Tom Allen beat Rose, Parkinson, Posh Price and Iles; was beaten by Price and Bob Smith, and fought a draw with Goss in England.

PUGILIST, Austin, Texas.—Joe Coburn and Jem Mace were to have fought at Pierstown, Parish of Kilmara, County of Tipperary, Ireland, for £1,000, the former to receive £100 for expenses. Coburn appeared in the ring—Mace leaving for England the night before, October 4, 1891, owing to the non-agreement upon a referee.

W. H., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Wm. Sexton and Jacob Schaefer are to play their match on April 27, at the Academy of Music. 2. The conditions are 600 points up cushion carom, for \$2,500 a side, the loser to pay all expenses and the winner to take all the gate receipts. 3. Sexton has made the best run at cushion caroms, 77, on Dec. 28. Playing a practice game with his backer he ran 178. 4. No.

S. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. No. 2. When Heenan entered the ring he walked over to Sayers, extending his hand, and said: "How do you do, Tom; how do you find yourself this morning?" Sayers, taking the proffered hand, replied: "Very well, I thank you; how do you find yourself?" Heenan replied, "I feel very well, indeed. We have got a fine morning for it." "Yes," said Sayers, "if a man can't fight such a day as this, he can't at all."

F. P. J., San Raphael, Cal.—1. The best single standing, running, and three standing jumps are as follows: Standing jump, 14 ft. 5½ in., made by George W. Hamilton with 22 lb. weights, at Romeo, Mich., Oct. 3, 1879; running jump, 29 ft. 7 in., made by John Howard, using a pair of 5 lb. dumb-bells, at Chester, Eng., May 8, 1874; three standing jumps, 39 ft. 1 in., made by George W. Hamilton, with 12 lb. dumb-bells, at St. Helena, Eng., Nov. 27, 1880.

G. W., San Francisco; S. G., White Pine, Nev.; R. S., Cool Creek, Cal.—The following is the weight of a cubic foot of standard and fine gold received from the New York assay office: One cubic foot of standard gold weighs 15,722.90 ounces, troy, or 1,073,142 pounds, avoirdupois, the value of which is \$32,519. Standard gold is the same as coin. One cubic foot of fine gold weighs 17,540.75 ounces, troy, or 1,202,791 pounds, avoirdupois, the value of which is \$362,800.

G. H., Watkins, N. Y.—1. They sail from this port May 30. 2. The Hillsdales intend to compete at the Metropolitan, Barnes and Mortlake, Kingston and other prominent amateur regattas in England (Hedley excepted), and will also tender a challenge to the Thames, London and other rowing clubs, to meet them in private matches, thus affording an opportunity for testing the different styles of rowing now in vogue among the representative oarsmen of both countries.

G. M. W., Philadelphia.—The term "bout" in boxing or wrestling parlance means the whole contest between each pair. 2. The term "round" is something similar. 3. In estimating superiority in such contests endurance is entitled to consideration as well as skill, and it frequently happens that a boxer who has had decidedly the better of the first two rounds tires so thoroughly that he cuts a sorry figure in the final, is really and fairly beaten, and would of course be so judged by officials who understand the rules.

S. P., Leavenworth.—Jem Mace did challenge John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers. In a letter we received from Mace some time ago in reference to the matter the ex champion says: "I challenged both men, and, meeting Heenan a year after his fight with Sayers, asked him to make a match, but the American refused. Sayers, who was present, said he would fight me, and I answered that I was willing to fight him first for from £100 to £1,000 a side, and Heenan three months afterward for a similar amount; but Sayers never came to me."

M. W. S., Shelbyville, Ky.—1. No. 2. Tom Sayers never fought Tom King. 3. The Kentucky Derby has been run seven times, and has never been won by a colt who did not start at two years old, and of the placed horses in the Derby, Falsetto is the only one who did not start at two years old who has ever been among the first three. In 1875, the first year of the race, the placed horses were Aristides, Volcano and Verdigris. 1876, Vagrant, Creedmoor and Harry Hill. 1877, Duden Beden, Leonard and King William. 1878, Day Star, Himyar and Leveller. 1879, Lord Murphy, Falsetto and Strathmore. 1880, Fonso, Kimball and Bancroft. 1881, Hindoo, Lelex and Albamora. Of the winners Day Star is the only one that did not win a race at two years old. By this it will be seen that public form is the surest and most reliable thing to back.

Tom Walling.

This noted pugilist, whose portrait appears in this issue, was born at Manchester, Eng., on June 21, 1843. He stands 5 feet 9 inches in height and weighs in condition 145 lbs. Walling's first engagement in the "magic circle" was in 1860, with George Wilson for £5 a side. The battle was fought in England, and Walling won in 19 rounds lasting 36 minutes. Since that time he has figured in nine prize ring encounters. His last was with Dick Mullenger, of Colorado. The fight took place at Denver City, May 18, 1877, for \$100. Walling won after a long and desperate battle which lasted 2 hours and 48 minutes, 57 rounds being fought. Walling then decided to retire from the ring, but Bryan Campbell came from Leadville to Cool Creek, and in the famous O. K. Saloon challenged him to fight. He is a well-built, muscular specimen of humanity, and Johnny Murphy, Colorado's champion club swinger, is training him.

Bryan Campbell.

In this week's issue we publish the portrait of Bryan Campbell, of Leadville, Col., who, on May 5, will step into the ring to be pitched in a locality somewhere south of Del Norte, Nev. He is to fight Tom Walling, of Williamsburg, Col., for \$1,000. The stakes for this battle are now in the hands of Richard K. Fox. In our last issue we published Campbell's record.

John H. Conroy and James O'Neil.

The author, comedian and character artist, John H. Conroy, was born in New York City,

IRISH COMEDIAN AND VARIETY ARTIST.

March 10, 1852 and made his first appearance at Harry Hill's in 1877, and met with great success. He left there to play an engagement at Troy for one week, and making a hit was re-engaged for three more. Since then he has played at the principal variety theatres in the United States with his partner, Mr. James O'Neil, making one of the strongest teams in the country, their

music, songs and sketches being original. James O'Neil, Irish comedian and vocalist, was born in Dublin, Ireland, June 20, 1843, made his first appearance at Harry Hill's sporting theatre in 1870, and at once became a favorite. He is one of the most original Irish comedians of the modern school on the stage, and has played at all the first-class theatres in America.

"Black Hills Saloon" in Denver, Col. She is an eccentric old woman who does not believe in banks, but prefers to keep her savings sewed up in her petticoat. A month ago she sent to Chicago for her nephew, Paul Hasenwinkle, to come and assist her. He came, and in a week discovered that she had \$1,000 in her petticoat, and one night he stole the garment and lit out.

How to Get the Drop.

The sheriff of Camp County, Texas, Louis S. Flatau, has invented a new pistol, club or carbine holster for the use of soldiers, sheriffs and policemen. It is endorsed by a number of army officers and sheriff's officers of the west who find it a great advantage in a country where their weapons, to be serviceable, must be ready at the hand and serviceable at a moment's warning. With this new invention the officer is guaranteed the drop on any desperado, however quick, provided he have the old style of appliance. Another advantage is that in a struggle no prisoner can draw it from the holster, thus disarming his captor, as has often happened to policemen furnished with the old style of holster. No one but the man wearing the arm can draw it, and he can get it forth with the utmost celerity, or even fire it effectively on his opponent without drawing it at all. This refinement of pistol and club practice will probably meet with great favor among the officers of the law throughout the country who take their lives in their hands when they deal with desperate criminals.

He Robbed Her Petticoat.

Mrs. Fred. Schultz owns the

**JAMES O'NEIL,****JOHN H. CONROY,**

VOCALIST COMEDIAN AND CHARACTER ARTIST.

**TOM WALLING,**

OF COLORADO, MATCHED TO FIGHT BRYAN CAMPBELL.

**BRYAN CAMPBELL,**

CHAMPION PUGILIST, OF COLORADO.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.



AN ANTIQUE TRICK.

A NEW YORK BRIC-A-BRAC COLLECTOR ADOPTS A NOVEL MEANS OF AVOIDING A DUNNING COLLECTOR.

James Fitzgerald, the Bunko Man.

The recent attempt at Boston to beat Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the eminent American statesman, at the game of banco, has attracted attention throughout the country and has brought into prominence the names of the would be swindlers. The gang who put up the job consists of James Fitzgerald, alias 'Fitz the Kid,' alias J. S. Morrison; John F. Norton and Harry Stevens. Norton, who is short in stature and about 38 or 40 years old, and Stevens, have not yet been arrested, but Fitzgerald is now in jail, unable to furnish the



TRUE LOVES MISHAPS.

A PARTY OF SLEEPING TRAMPS AROUSED BY A PAIR OF LOVERS WHO SEEK REFUGE FROM A STORM AND COME TO GRIEF, AT KEOKUK, IOWA.



JOHN J. KILLALEA,

WIFE MURDERER; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



MAURICE A. SCHWAB,

SWINDLER THEATRICAL MANAGER. N. Y. CITY.



HENRY W. RUMMELL,

ACCOMPLICE OF THE SWINDLING MANAGER SCHWAB.



JAMES FITZGERALD,

ALIAS FITZ THE KID; BUNKO STEERER.

\$25,000 bail for his appearance in the Superior Court. Fitzgerald, or "Fitz the Kid," as he is better known by the fraternity, is a good looking young man about 25 years of age, sandy hair and moustache and dressed in genteel fashion. He is a good conversationalist, of easy polished address and one of the most successful men in the business. He was born in Hyde Park, in the suburbs of Chicago, and after receiving a liberal education, fell in with a gang who made the house of a well-known western sport named Hyndeman their headquarters. Matters became so warm for him in the west that he came to New York where he fell in with Norton. There they worked successfully for a time, but finally took Jay Gould in for some \$4,000. Gould paid for his "fun," but made the atmosphere of Gotham very uncomfortable for the gang, who, after being "mugged" by Captain Byrnes, went to Boston about a month ago. In connection with his New York career, it is said that one of his most intimate associates was Charley Miller, also a banco steerer, and who was shot some time ago in a bar-room fight by one William



A WRESTLE WITH A FISH.

A REGULAR GRÆCO-ROMAN STRUGGLE BETWEEN A FISHERMAN AND HIS PRIZE AT SANTA MONICA, CAL.

Tracey. After going to Boston, Stevens, who had known Fitzgerald in Chicago, joined the gang. While in Boston the gang rung in a snap on a Beacon street swell named Whittier and on a number of others. Fitzgerald always had money and for a time travelled with an actress of the Boston Museum stock company. Fitzgerald was present at the Ryan and Sullivan fight at New Orleans. He is also well-known in Milwaukee, which was at one time the scene of his operations. He was appointed by ex-Senator Carpenter's influence to a good position in Washington, but he found swindling more profitable and engaged in numerous schemes,

all of them, however, less in amount than the last.

Killalea, the Wife Murderer.

On March 28, John J. Killalea, a longshoreman of San Francisco, whose portrait we give in this issue, stabbed his wife four times with a butcher's knife, and then finished his bloody work by cutting her throat. He was drunk and jealous at the time he committed the deed. When his frenzy was over and his victim lay dead, he threw himself exhausted beside the corpse and fell into a drunken sleep. He was found slumbering peacefully in a pool of gore by the neighbors, when they summoned the police and broke into the apartment. The murderer was several years ago employed as a clerk to the Board of Education in New York. His friends say she gave him no real cause for his jealousy. He answered inquiries on this point by saying, "My wife was a lady; but now she is an angel," as if he should be allowed some credit for transforming her to the angelic form.

SPORTING NEWS.

Frank and Jesse James, The Outlaw Brothers.

The career of these daring highwaymen, whose cruel murders and many crimes have made the mere mention of their names a terror to law-abiding citizens, is full of romance. This is a new and carefully revised edition, containing many novel details and a complete account of the killing and funeral of Jesse James, the greatest outlaw on the American continent, by his traitorous followers. By mail 25c.

EIGHTY entries have been made for the spring running races at Pittsburg.

THE 221 class in the May meetings at Belmont and Suffolk parks have been changed to 224.

THE wonderful California trotting colts Eva and Sweetheart are in training at Point Breeze Park.

THE Jockey Rossiter has been engaged to ride for Sir John Astley, but Blanton's stable has first call on him.

AT Detroit, April 10 to 15, Miss Elsa Von Blumen rode 50m. on a bicycle. She attempted to ride 1,000m. and failed.

JOHN HUGHES issues a challenge to run any man in the world 45 hours for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, Chas. Rowell preferred.

WM. L. KENNEDY, the famous wrestler, arrived from Galveston, Texas, on the 17th ult. He looks well after his trip.

JACK TURNER and Mine. D'Omer are to entertain the Greenrollers with a grand boxing exhibition at Eckford Hall on May 3.

CHAS. BUCKHOLDS and Luke Doyle are to swing clubs for a \$100 gold medal at the Opera House, New Haven, May 22. Thomas E. Doyle is the stakeholder.

THE 100 mile race between Meagher and Driscoll at Mechanic's Hall, Boston, Mass., was won by Meagher. The race was for \$500 a side and the championship of America.

IF C. McDermott, of Woodstock, Canada, is eager to fight John L. Sullivan for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world he had better forward a forfeit of \$100 to this office.

JOHN McMAHON, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, has arranged a match that will not end in smoke. On the 23rd ult., he was married to Miss Emma Weeks, a wealthy widow.

W. C. DAVIS of the Williamsburg Athletic Club and James H. Gifford of the Irish-American Athletic Club will decide their race of five miles at the Manhattan Club grounds Mon. May 1.

PADDY RYAN, the ex-champion pugilist is in Chicago and has associated himself with a popular Chicago man, Mr. Hannigan. They have opened 318 State street, where they will be pleased to see all their friends.

CURRENT rumor in England has it that W. G. George, the famous amateur runner, intends visiting America next month. He is now credited with the fastest amateur performances in the world at 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 miles.

JAMES C. DALY and Thomas F. Lynch, the Irish-American champion all-round athletic team, will give a grand exhibition under the auspices of the 68th Regiment, in the armory of the latter, at Sixth street and Third avenue, on the 29th inst.

THE New York Daily News says: "At Beacon Park, Boston, April 16, Richard K. Fox rode behind his \$10,000 trotter, 'Police Gazette,' formerly Emma B., record 2:22, and to road wagon in 2:27. Mr. R. K. Fox's new purchase also trotted to sulky doing a quarter in 31½ and went to the half in 1:07½."

AT Leadville, Col., recently, Jack Richardson and John Gaffling fought according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, for \$100. The battle ground was Big Evans' Gulch. Twelve rounds were fought in twenty-one minutes, when the battle was declared a draw and the gate money and stakes were divided.

FRANK STEVENSON called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 21st inst. and authorized us to state that if the Newark sporting men would back Charley Norton to fight Tom Sweeney at catch-weights, according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, with hard gloves, he would back Sweeney to fight Norton for \$500 a side.

AT Nashville, Tenn., on April 15, the 100-hour pedestrian race between Frank Hart and Downey against O'Leary and Dale ended. The following is the official score: Hart 33m. 14 laps; Downey 33m. and 3 laps, a total of 64m. and 17 laps for the team, O'Leary scored 33m. and 11 laps; Dale 32m. and 14 laps, a total of 67m. and 5 laps. Hart and Downey won.

JAMES D. SHIELDS, the noted club-swinging of Laight street, has posted \$25 with the POLICE GAZETTE and offers to match John Cassidy, better known as "Cass," to box Jack Vessey, of the Eastern Hotel, four rounds Marquis of Queensbury Rules for \$100 a side. The POLICE GAZETTE is to be final stakeholder. Shields will meet Vessey at this office any time he may name to arrange the match.

Mlle. LOUISE ARMINADO, the champion lady bicyclist, offers to run a bicycle fifty miles, against John S. Prince, if he will allow her a start of six miles. She also issues a challenge offering to ride against any bicycle rider in Canada 100 miles, or any female in the world, from 25 to 100 miles. She must be a flyer on the iron horse and full of pluck and courage when she defies the Canadian bicycle riders.

THE New York POLICE GAZETTE must be fast increasing its circulation in New Mexico, to judge from appearances.

"The POLICE GAZETTE is the recognized sporting authority out here and everything it says goes. It has been made superior to the other sporting papers of New York."

BERNAILLO NEWS, N. M.,
D. C. DARE, Editor and Prop."

April 14, 1882.

On May 1st, at Irving Hall, West 15th street, Dick Egan, the Troy "Terror," will be tendered a grand testimonial benefit, all the champion pugilists will enter the arena and box in full ring costume. Egan called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 26th ult. and asked us to state that he was very eager to box Sullivan, the champion pugilist, and that if he would stand up before him four rounds and box according to

the Marquis of Queensbury rules he would present the champion with \$100. Egan says if Sullivan does not accept this offer he will bet Sullivan \$100 that although Sullivan is the champion, he cannot "knock him out" in four three-minute rounds.

ON April 20, at Fall River, Mass., Edwin Bibby and Capt. James W. Daly wrestled catch-as-catch-can, best three in five, for \$250 a side. The first fall was won by Bibby in 10m.; Daly won the second in 11m., Bibby won the third in 3m., while Daly won the fourth in 7m. In the fifth bout Bibby struck Daly with his heel, injuring his nose. Daly was unable to continue and Bibby was declared the winner. Fearful that his nose was broken, Daly asked for a doctor, and Dr. Handy was summoned. Examining the injury, the medical gentleman said that the cartilage had become separated from the bone and that it would be all right after a while. John Murphy was referee and Thomas J. Lynch and Patrick Maloney were the umpires.

AT Rochester, N. Y., on the 20th ult. John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, with Bob Farrell and Pete McCoy gave an exhibition. Sullivan offered any pugilist in Rochester \$100 that would stand before him three rounds. Jack McDermott, a tall freeman, accepted the offer and after a great set-to between Bob Farrell and Pete McCoy the contest took place. McDermott made a bold attempt to capture the \$100 but without avail, for in the third round Sullivan hit so hard that he went thinking and refused to go back to receive any more of the same medicine. McDermott was knocked down three times during the contest but he pluckily stopped in front of the champion just long enough to escape being knocked senseless.

AT Hendon, Eng., recently, James Hudson and Tom Cartwright fought for £20. The encounter lasted an hour, over thirty rounds being got through, and although neither of the combatants were skilful as boxers, they were men of extraordinary size and strength, and the fight was of a very severe character. Hudson appeared to hold the advantage at the start, but after half an hour's hard fighting it was plainly to be seen that Cartwright was getting the better of his opponent. Upon the conclusion of the thirty-seventh round Hudson retired to his corner, and, refusing to again come out, the fight was awarded to Cartwright. Both men were terribly punished, the eyes of Hudson being almost closed, while Cartwright was also much disfigured.

THE Sporting Life says: Charles Rowell of Chesterton (the winner of Sir John Astley's long-distance champion challenge belt) is not satisfied with his recent defeat in New York, and requests us to state that he is anxious to meet George Hazel of Deptford in another six-day go-as-you-please race, and is prepared to make a match for \$2,500 a side, to come off at the Agricultural Hall, London (the date to be mutually agreed upon.) Rowell is willing to throw the race open to all depositing \$2,500 each, the winner to take the whole of the stakes and the gate money to be divided as may be agreed upon. If Hazel will leave articles at the Sporting Life office accompanied by a deposit of \$500, the money will be at once covered, and the match ratified without delay.

AT Allegheny City, April 5, William Boder and Jack Reagan fought according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, for \$100. The match was arranged at Mike Siefert's "Sportsman's Home" on Perryville avenue. Although the stakes were small, a great deal of interest was manifested over the affair, and about three hundred persons went to the battle ground, Observatory Hill. Boder was the first to enter the ring accompanied by his seconds, Billy Herbert and Bill Fair. Jimmy Lowe, the well-known amateur boxer, and Charlie McGee seconded Reagan. George Briggs was chosen referee. Only five rounds were fought. Reagan won first blood in the first round, and won first knock down in the third round. In the fifth round Reagan knocked Boder out of time. Reagan's friends were quite jubilant at his success, and intend matching him against Billy Fair, the Carroll street shoemaker, who proved himself to be a good one in his recent contest with Tom McChaffey.

THE City and Suburban Handicap, for the thirty-second time, was run at Epsom on April 19. The race is for three-year-olds and upwards, at 15s each, £10 forfeit, only 25 if declared, with £200 added; the second to receive £30 out of the stakes; winners after the announcement of the weights (January 26) to carry 5 lbs. extra, of two, or one of the value £50, 10 lbs. extra; closed with 74 subscribers, of which 16 declared out; about a mile and a quarter. Fourteen started. Betting at the start against the three placed horses was 4 to 1 against Scobell, 6 to 1 against Master Waller and 25 to 1 against Passaic. The race was a Waterloo for the talent on both sides of the Atlantic, for at the end of a well run race Lord Rossmore's four-year-old American-bred colt Passaic, by Longfellow, won by two lengths. He was followed by Mr. Crawford's Master Waller, the second for the Lincoln Handicap, with the favorite, Prince Soltykoff's four-year-old Scobell third. Among the other starters was Lord Ellesmere's five-year-old Wallenstein, which, like Passaic, was sold out of Mr. Lorillard's stable.

RECENTLY Hermann Hattenhorst and Wm. Curtis boxed for a prize cane at Ridgewood Park, L. I., which Hattenhorst won. Since that time Curtis' friends have boasted that he can whip Hattenhorst and the latter means to give him a trial. So he posted \$25 with the POLICE GAZETTE and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, April 21, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I hereby challenge Wm. Curtis, of Brooklyn, to fight me a fair stand-up fight at catch-weights, according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, two weeks from signing articles, for any sum from \$25 to \$250 a side. I will meet Curtis or his backer at the POLICE GAZETTE office on May 4, to sign articles of agreement and arrange the match. To prove I mean business I have deposited \$25 with Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

HERMANN HATTENHORST,

129 Harrison Ave., Brooklyn.

A host of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently to witness the arranging of a prize fight between Alexander Brown and Leonard Tracey, of Brooklyn. The pugilists recently posted twenty-five (\$25) dollars with the POLICE GAZETTE and met yesterday to sign articles of agreement. Both pugilists were present in person and they were accompanied by a large delegation of sporting men. Among the crowd were Prof. J. W. Whitney, John Bohanna, Peter F. Canty, Tracey's backer, Edward Blanch, who is finding the needful for Brown, Mike Donovan, Jim Turner, Bob Smith, Frank Ste-

venson and many others. After a short discussion the pugilists came to terms and signed articles of agreement to fight at catch weight according to the London prize ring rules for \$200 a side. The second deposit is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Thursday, April 27, and the final deposit is to be posted on May 25. The fight is to take place within 100 miles of New York on June 22. Both men are strapping, muscular looking specimens of the pugilistic brigade. We shall publish the articles of agreement between these men in our next issue.

AT a well-known pit on Long Island on April 19, there was one of the most desperate dog fights ever fought between big dogs. The battle was between a four-year-old yellow dog Teddy, of England, imported by Jack Hartley, weighing 51 pounds, and Thornton's dog Patsey Boliver, of Boston, a pure white, five years old, weighing 53 pounds. The dogs fought a fair scratch in-turn fight at 35 pounds for \$200 a side. Teddy had never been tried in this country, while Patsey Boliver had won, it is claimed, eight battles, which made "the talent" back him at \$50 to \$40. Patsey Boliver had the best of the fighting at the commencement for Teddy got "fanged." The dogs were separated, and while being sponged Teddy's lip was cut off the fang. The combat continued until two hours and seven minutes had elapsed. Then the dogs were taken up and sponged. It was Teddy's turn to cross the pit again, and he jumped away into Patsey's corner, although badly punished, with such alacrity that his backers shouted and threw their hats in the air as if they were mad. Another turn was had in less than ten minutes. It was Patsey's place to scratch. He crossed the pit a little way and at once wheeled around showing that he had enough. Teddy's handler took up his dog at once and claimed the fight, which was allowed by the referee. The time of the battle was two hours and twenty-five minutes.

In regard to a late wrangle over the rules that were to have governed a wrestling match between Muldoon and Ross, which has made some talk in the west for a fortnight past, we have the following satisfactory explanation and disclaimer from Mr. Muldoon:

INDIANAPOLIS, April 15, 1882.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX: Sir—I received a copy of your paper this morning, and was more than surprised at the very unjust article that appeared in it in reference to me. You know very well that I have always been a friend of your paper and have always worked in your interest. * * * I have never let an opportunity slip to praise and do all I could for the paper and the man who says I made any such remark about it in Louisville is a liar. Your representative knows very well what Ross is. He had the Louisville papers bought up and can get anything he wants in them and has been very anxious to do something to injure my standing with your paper ever since you published a card in it for me to him some months ago, and he has taken this opportunity to do it. I sent you a copy of the Enquirer whose representative stood on the stage at the time. See if he heard any such remarks as alleged. I did object to two shoulders and a hip, and you know yourself that is wrong. I said that a child would know that was wrong. That was all I said. I did not mention your paper nor the one who wrote the rules. I refer you to the Enquirer. The article published in your paper of this week is one of the most unjust I ever read and I hope you will correct it in your next issue.

Yours respectfully, WILLIAM MULDOON.

The best of us are liable to error, especially when hears and gossip get loose to set us by the ears. The POLICE GAZETTE cheerfully and gladly accords Mr. Muldoon justice, very well pleased that he has justified his old reputation.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. George W. Atkinson, of the Sporting Life, we are able to furnish full particulars of the great single scull race between Edward Hanlan and Robert Watson Boyd. The match came about in this way. In Nov., 1881, a challenge from Hanlan was made through his representative, Mr. P. B. Bull, of Toronto, who happened at that time to be in London, to the following effect: "Hearing that Boyd is anxious to become champion, I shall be glad to give him the opportunity of doing so by beating me. I will row him over the Thames championship course for a sum of £200 to £1,000 a side." That challenge was issued on Nov. 25 last year and Boyd on the following day expressed his readiness to row Hanlan over the Tyne course in May for £200 a side. Negotiations took place chiefly by telegraph and a few days later Hanlan announced that he would row Boyd for £300 a side and if the match took place on the Tyne, £50 expenses. The articles stipulated that the match should be rowed on April 3, 1882, on the Tyne from the Mansion House near the High Level bridge to Scotswood suspension bridge, for £300 a side and the aquatic championship of the world, £50 to be allowed to Hanlan for expenses.

The following is a report of the race, forwarded specially for the POLICE GAZETTE:

Boyd, who had won the toss for choice of stations, took the north side and stripped to the buff but Hanlan retained his sleeveless light blue jersey. When they dropped to the stake boats some twenty minutes behind the stipulated time there was a momentary pause, followed by a wild roar. At each attempt Boyd tried to get off with the lead and three times he broke away but the Canadian was not to be caught napping. Finally they got off well together, the Canadian a few inches only ahead but in half a dozen strokes Boyd took the lead and the cheering was intense. The advantage was only held momentarily and indeed he never was more than a quarter of a length in advance of the Canadian, who after rowing 200 yards took the lead. It was a desperate race however for another 100 yards and then it was plain Boyd was settled for he rolled terribly, showing distress, the corkscrew action being more perceptible than ever, whilst Hanlan was rowing strong and in perfect style. Just below the Redheugh bridge, barely a quarter of a mile from the start, Hanlan drew away rapidly. Beforehand they had both been ordered by Dr. Luke Armstrong, the umpire, to go through the second arch and Hanlan here came over to Boyd somewhat but there was no danger of a foul for he shot under the structure fully two lengths ahead and the race was all over, therefore it will not be necessary to say much more about it. Opposite the lead works, where Hanlan was fully three lengths to the good he stopped for a second or two, showing that he was only playing with his man, and he repeated this eight or ten times during the race, once resting his sculls on the surface of the water. Boyd did his best and worked very hard. For a mile he rowed fast, though not clean and well, and the leader's time for this distance was about the quickest yet made in a match on the Tyne and afterwards though he did not get such good pace on his boat he rowed in better form, showing to some advantage in the last mile. Several times he spurted

but to no purpose. Hanlan would not allow him to get nearer than a couple of lengths and did not seem disposed to go too far ahead. Once or twice he led by five or six lengths and then slackened down to allow Boyd to come up again. Finally Hanlan paddled under Scotswood suspension bridge, the winner by about four lengths. The leader's times were as follows: Redheugh bridge, 2m. 27s.; Dunston Gangway 5m. 18s.; Mile Post, 5m. 45s.; Monster Crane, 8m. 55s.; two miles, 12m. 14s.; top of the Meadows, 13m. 37s.; Benwell Ferry, 15m. 1s.; Dewent Gut, about 3 miles, 18m. 20s.; finish, 21m. 23s. Boyd's time for the full distance was 21m. 38s.

Boyd rowed in the Britannia, built by Messrs. Swadlie and Winship, of Scotswood, the dimensions of which are as follows: Length, 30ft. 9in.; breadth of beam, 11in.; height forward 24in.; aft, 23in.; depth amidships, 5½in. This boat, which was built of Mexican cedar, had a 27in. slide, and was fitted with ordinary swing rowlocks. Hanlan rowed in the second boat built for him by Messrs. Phelps, 30ft. long, the dimensions of which have previously been given. It is a ribless boat, very light, and carried him wonderfully well; indeed, a boat never behaved better against the wind and in rough water. Under the most adverse circumstances it travelled smoothly and on an even keel, and rose like a duck on the waves.

AT Harry Hill's a few days ago Robert Donaldson, the champion aerial jumper, said he could safely jump off any bridge in the world and offered to prove it by wagering any sum from \$250 to \$1,000 that he would jump from the Brooklyn bridge and alight safely.

Dan Foster, a well known sporting man, doubting Donaldson's ability to accomplish such a great feat, accepted the wager. It was agreed that the parties should meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange the match.

According to agreement the parties met on the 20th to arrange the preliminaries. Donaldson wanted to make the stakes \$1,000 and Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, said he was willing to wager \$1,000 that Donaldson could accomplish the feat. Dan Foster said that he did not want to bet so much money but he would bet \$250 that neither Donaldson nor any other man could accomplish the feat.

Richard K. Fox said: "I place great faith in Donaldson's ability and courage. When he informed me that he could jump from High Bridge I did not believe him and was afraid he would be killed. He accomplished the feat and I think he can jump from the Brooklyn bridge into the East river. I will find his share of the stakes because I promised I would. Of course he understands I do not want him to do so and I will not be responsible if anything occurs or he should injure himself. All I shall do in the matter is to put up the stakes for him."

"What amount do you propose to bet?" said Donaldson to Dan Foster.

"Well, \$250," said Foster.

"That is not enough," said Donaldson. "I would rather jump for \$1,000."

"Well," said Foster, "that is all I will bet. If that will suit you I will put up \$100 now to bind the match and we will sign articles."

Donaldson, who appeared confident of winning the wager said "All right; I will make the match if you will give me time to jump."

"When do you want to make the attempt?" asked Foster.

"Let the match take place any day I may select during the month of May. We cannot set any date for the authorities might try to prevent me. Another thing," said Donaldson, "if I fix a day and I am stopped you will not claim the money?"

"I do not think you can jump it, anyway," said Foster, "and I will give you a start for your money. If you are stopped by the police then the match is off unless you want to name another day. If there is no interference and you weaken then I win."

Mr. Fox remarked that those terms were fair. Donaldson said they suited him.

Frank Stevenson was chosen stakeholder and referee. Richard K. Fox then put up a forfeit of \$100 for Donaldson and Dan Foster covered it and it was put in an envelope to be sent with the articles of agreement to the final stakeholder, and the following articles of agreement were drawn up and signed:

NEW YORK, April 20, 1882.

Articles of Agreement entered into this 20th day of April, 1882, between Daniel Foster, of New York, and Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The said Daniel Foster hereby agrees to wager the sum of two hundred and fifty (\$250) dollars that on May 14, 1882, or the nearest date after possible, Robert Donaldson, of Tain, Scotland, cannot jump from the Brooklyn bridge, which spans the East river from New York to Brooklyn, into the East river, the said Richard K. Fox wagering the sum of two hundred and fifty (\$250) that the said Robert Donaldson will accomplish the feat.

It is further agreed that neither the party of the first or second part shall claim any part of the stakes should there be any magisterial interference but should the said Robert Donaldson fail to make the attempt at the time appointed and there be no interference, then the stakeholder, Mr. Frank Stevenson, shall pay the stakes to Daniel Foster.

It is also agreed that the time of jumping shall be made known to all parties interested and that the stakes shall not be paid over unless lost or won by one or the other of the said parties.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars is now posted with Frank Stevenson, who shall be final stakeholder and referee. The second and final deposit of one hundred and fifty (\$150) dollars a side shall be posted with the stakeholder at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Monday, May 1. It is also agreed that Robert Donaldson shall make the attempt to jump on May 14, 1882. Either party failing to carry out this agreement or failing to post the final deposit do hereby agree to forfeit the stakes now held by the final stakeholder.

DANIEL FOSTER.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Witnesses:

Robert Donaldson,

Wm. E. Harding,

There is not the least doubt that Donaldson will attempt the feat if he is allowed to do so. He has already accomplished many notable mid-air performances and successfully jumped from many high bridges. He has often called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, desiring Richard K. Fox to back him and if he succeeds he will be one of the great curiosities and physical wonders of the nineteenth century. Donaldson possesses great courage and will jump from the East river bridge as confidently as the street urchins who daily during the summer months jump from the docks into the East river. Donaldson has successfully jumped from High Bridge on the Harlem river.

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